

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Travels from India to England; comprehending a Visit to the Burman Empire, and a Journey through Persia, Asia Minor, European Turkey, &c. in the years 1825, 26. By JAMES EDWARD ALEXANDER, Esq. 4to. pp. 301. London, 1827. Parbury and Co.

OUR attention has been attracted to this volume by the plain and unaffected manner in which its author details the particulars of a journey, made through some of the most interesting countries of the east. It neither contains, nor affects to contain, the results of deep research or extensive observation; but simply offers us the information which a man of sense and cultivated intellect can hardly fail to gather in the course of his wanderings. Mr. Alexander was attached to the suite of Col. Kinnier, envoy extraordinary to the court of Tehran, and, owing to this circumstance, and his acquaintance with the language of the country, possessed considerable advantages above the generality of casual visitants to this extensive empire. He has divided his work into two parts, the former of which contains the account of his visit to the Burman empire; the latter, the particulars of his journey to Persia. Much has been already before the public respecting the Burmese, but our author has strung together several circumstances respecting their appearance and customs, derived from his personal observation, which are highly amusing. The most important part, however, of the work, as the author himself considers it, is that relating to Persia; and the particulars with which he has presented us, though given in a very unostentatious manner, are interesting in several points of view. As he has carefully abstained from filling out his book with the observations of preceding travellers, we give him credit for having made so much of his journey, without having had recourse to the common practice of book-making tourists. For a short and rapid survey of the countries through which he passed, his publication is certainly deserving of considerable praise; and though it contains little, with the exception of the appendix, of political intelligence, which, from his situation, we think he might have obtained, we recommend his volume to our readers as possessing both the interest and information of much more bulky works. We take our first extract from the author's description of Rangoon:—

'The appearance of Rangoon, the principal seaport of the Burmese empire, is not at all imposing. The wooden buildings extending along the bank of the river resemble ancient barns, behind which is the stockade, composed of massive pieces of timber about

fifteen feet high. In the background towers the great Shwé Dagoon, in the midst of its subordinate spires, which formed a splendid object, glittering in the evening sun. The river was full of transports, with about half a dozen British men of war. The small canoes of the natives glided about with the rapidity of the wind, so that the river presented a lively sight, strongly contrasting with the sombre dusky town. The Rangoon river is about half a mile broad. The Dalla, or west side, is a level plain, interspersed with clumps of trees and a few ruined pagodas.

'Having shaken hands with a few old acquaintances, I took up my abode with my friend Major Home, in a gilded temple surrounded with lofty pagodas. Their tinkling bells soothed and composed the mind, after the tumult of a crowded transport. The temple was surrounded by a breast-work, and defended by two long twelve-pounders. As it was situated on an eminence in the rear of the city, it commanded an extensive view of the country, which consisted of jungle, with plains and patches of water interspersed.

'The principal part of the city is situated within the stockade, which extends a mile along the river; the streets are wide and at right angles. One or two houses only are built of brick and chunam, the chief of which is the custom-house. The dwellings of the common people are constructed of posts driven into the ground, at the distance of two or three feet from which is a bamboo grating, forming the floor. The roof consists of the leaves of the palmyra, or long grass twisted round and sewed to slips of bamboo. The houses of the yahans or rahanans (priests,) are large buildings of teak, with substantial tiled roofs, (sometimes two or three to each house, one above another,) and the floors commonly eight or twelve feet from the ground: many of the houses are carved. In these they reside with the images of Gaudma, which are composed of marble or wood highly gilt, and seated on an ark, in which their sacred books are contained. The suburb of Tackally, inhabited by the lower orders and cyprians, is more populous than the town itself.

'The inhabitants are stout and athletic: the men are about five feet eight inches in height, seldom taller, with straight muscular limbs; the women are rather diminutive, but well formed in every respect except the nose, which is commonly flat. Both sexes are of a copper colour: they are lively and inquisitive; they smoke cigars constantly: almost all of them read and write; and having no prejudices, they are readily susceptible of improvement and civilization. The women are not immured at home, like those of Hindoos-

tan; they superintend the domestic economy, and weave their own and their husband's clothes: the latter are checks, of different patterns, resembling tartans. The men wear a single cloth tucked round the loins, and hanging down to the knee; the loose part is thrown across the shoulders, strongly resembling the ancient mode of dress amongst the Scottish Highlanders. Both the men and the women wear the hair of the head long, but eradicate with pincers the hair from the other parts of the body: the men have neither whiskers nor mustachios. The head-dress of the men is a handkerchief twisted round, entwined in the hair in front, and tied in a knot. Sandals are worn on the feet, consisting of a sole of leather fixed on the foot by two straps, which unite at the great toe. The dress of the women barely serves the purposes of decency; it consists of a narrow piece of cloth, worn over the breasts and tucked in at either side; in walking one leg is always exposed. Over the lower robe is worn a loose vest with sleeves, (commonly white,) which reaches to the upper part of the thigh. The hair of the women is divided in front, and tied in a knot behind, in which flowers are entwined. Men and women attain the age of puberty before they marry. Those who can afford it burn their dead; but the poorer classes make a narrow hole in the ground, about three feet deep, and having tied up the corpse in a mat, thrust it in sideways, first carrying it three times round the hole or grave; they then throw the earth over it, trampling it down hard. I observed massive tombstones in several parts of the outskirts of the town, which had been placed over the ashes of the poonghees, or inferior priests.

'Males and females have holes in the lobes of both ears, in which they stick their cigars; they dye their teeth and the edges of their eye-lashes with antimony. The greatest compliment that can be paid a Burman, is to take the lighted cheroot from your mouth and present it to him; he, immediately after placing it in his cheek, performs the shiko, or salaam, with both hands. They are very fond of drinking tea and brandy with Europeans, and eat and drink with them without the least scruple. When the men and women quarrel they fight it out; the men with their fists, and the ladies with their slippers: they despise the Hindoos for confining their contests to abuse, without coming to blows.

'They account it to be very injurious to the growth of animals to be deprived of the maternal milk; wherefore they never milk their kine, which consequently excel in size those of Hindoostan. The children are suckled for a couple of years; and I have

seen a child, after taking its fill from the nipple, smoke a cigar with great relish.

The men are tattooed very closely, from the waist to below the knee, with different figures of animals, charms, &c. : I saw a woman with the white of one of her eyes tattooed. The process is performed with a long steel needle, loaded at one end, and divided at the other to contain the liquor, which is either red or blue : it draws blood at every stroke.

The sitting attitude is the most respectful : when an attendant presents any thing to his superior, he falls on his knees and hands it to him.

Pickled tea-leaves, the areca nut, and betel-leaf, are chewed ; and the grades of rank are denoted by the betel-box being either of gold, or silver, or wood, as well as by the articles of furniture and dress. The Burmans are extremely curious in examining the texture of the clothes worn by Europeans : they approach in a respectful manner, and feel the dress all over. For an old red jacket, or a piece of broad cloth, a Burman would part with any thing, even his wife for a season. Of their complaisant disposition in this respect, the European officers availed themselves ; most of them having one, and some two Burman wives, who proved very faithful, and made excellent servants. They were purchased for fifty or sixty rupees : some of the ladies bore Anglo-Burman children.

The disproportion of females to males in the population of the Burman empire, owing probably to the wars which have occurred there, has been the occasion of a custom amongst the Burmans of selling their wives and daughters, particularly the latter.

Dr. Buchanan mentions a curious custom of the physicians in this country, which did not occur to my observation. He says, that the parents of a young woman, attacked by a dangerous illness, enter into a compact with a doctor, who undertakes to cure her under the following conditions : namely, if she lives, she becomes the property of the doctor ; if she dies, he pays her value to the parents. He adds, that the number of fine young women he saw in the house of a doctor at Meaday made him think that the practice was very common.

The Burmans are not of the penurious disposition of the Bengalees, but live as well as their means afford ; they foolishly expend considerable sums upon their spiral or trumpet-shaped temples, where they bury images of silver. All the smaller temples about Rangoon (of which there are several thousand,) have been picked by the Europeans for the sake of the small silver Gaudmas. Few steps were taken to check this very culpable practice.

The Burmans are exceedingly fond of music and poetry. They have bands of music, consisting of circles of gongs, drums, and pieces of bamboo of different lengths fixed on strings, which being struck with a short stick, produce a sound resembling that of a piano ; the effect on the water, on a moonlight night, is very fine. Their dancing consists of turning round slowly on one spot, and gracefully moving the arms and hands in circles.

The food of the Burmans is principally rice, to which they add animal food when they can get it, though they are prohibited from slaughtering domesticated animals. Napee, prepared from putrid sprats and other fish, is a favourite sauce with their rice. They also use a soup made from the stem of the young plantain tree.

The lower orders are extremely abusive : the common terms are "na lee," "supak loo," "ni maggé loolah," &c. which are too indelicate to admit of translation. When they challenge one another to fight, they strike their left arm at the elbow with the right hand, exclaiming, "youk ya !" or, "here's a proper man for you !" In their boat-races, they exclaim, "youk ya lahy !" and "yeyla wallahy !" which are all terms of defiance.

During my sojourn in Ava I did not observe a single individual pitted with small-pox, and very few deformed : blindness is prevalent.

The arms of the soldiery are muskets, (without bayonets,) swords, and spears ; they carry their powder in a horn, and sometimes in a dried pumpkin, or a long cloth bag. The weapon they use best is the ginjal, or swivel, which they fire with great precision. The dar, or sword, is used for building their houses, fighting, or preparing their food. The handle is of the same length as the blade ; so that they can hold it with one or both hands, and strike a powerful blow with it. Those of the chiefs are cased in gold or silver, and covered with gems. Their spears are ornamented with horse-hair ; they have also a kind of javelin, which is thrown from the back of an elephant, by means of a small crooked stick, in a manner similar to that practised by the natives in New South Wales. The Cassay horsemen are armed with matchlocks, swords, spears, and shields. They ride gallows, about thirteen hands high, that move in a rapid amble ; the legs of the riders are defended by a circular piece of leather, which is commonly highly gilt. When the body-guard of the governor-general first encountered them, the Cassays were startled and terrified at the sight of Arab horses, fourteen and fifteen hands high.

The main arm of his majesty of the Golden Feet is his marine establishment, consisting of war-boats : every rua, or village, on the banks of the river, is compelled to furnish a certain number. The common length of these boats (which in the native language are called tee-lee) is fifty or sixty feet. They are rowed or paddled by thirty or forty men, their weapons placed at their side ; they carry also a few soldiers, with a piece of ordnance mounted on the prow, which is made sharp, for the purpose of running down and staving smaller craft. Our man-of-war boats could never get near them : the steam-boat alone tired out the rowers, and when she came up with them they jumped overboard.

The following instance of British intrepidity has never been publicly noticed ; it may therefore not be improper to mention it here. At the period when the whole Burman army, headed by the celebrated Maha

Bundoolah, surrounded our force at Rangoon, towards the end of the year 1824, the captain of a transport, lying near the mouth of the river, left his vessel, in his cutter, manned with half a dozen Malay Lascars, in order to communicate with the agent for transports at Rangoon. He had not proceeded far up the river, when six war-boats, filled with men, pushed off to attack him. He ordered his men to pull for the nearest boat, and on coming alongside he jumped on board, followed by his Lascars. The Burmans were so confounded at his boldness, that they abandoned the boat and took to the water, leaving the glittering prize in the quiet possession of the gallant sailor. The other boats, on perceiving the fate of their companion, judged it prudent to retire.

Chiefs of a certain rank are entitled to gild their boats, and to bear a golden tee or umbrella.

The boats for passage and those for the conveyance of merchandize are roofed in, with out-riggers, on which the crews sit, and pull or force them along with poles : they occasionally track them with a rope. When the wind is right aft, they hoist a sail of cloth between two poles : having no keel, they cannot beat to windward. The ledeegee, or steersman, sits or stands upon the elevated stern, which commands a view of the river. All the smaller canoes are made of single trees ; first shaped, then hollowed out, and finally the sides extended by means of stretchers. In rowing, the crew keep time by calling out or singing, "ye-ee, ee-ee !"

The Burmans have no coined money : the circulating medium is bullion. A silver tickal, or dinga, is nearly the weight of a Madras rupee ; and before the war broke out, one hundred seers, or about two hundred pounds of rice could be purchased for a tickal : the price, however, at Rangoon, during my visit, was thirty. Every shop-keeper has a small box, containing scales to weigh the bullion given in payment for commodities : the weights are modelled after the figure of griffins, cows, &c. The inferior currency is lead, with which fish, vegetables, tobacco, &c. are purchased.

Whenever a Burman accumulates a considerable sum, he lays it out in building a brick and chunam pagoda, in which he places several figures of Gaudma, coated with silver, or smaller figures of gold, enclosed in a square box.

The priests are shaven on the head, and wear a long loose yellow robe reaching to the knees : they never cook their own victuals, but subsist upon alms. They issue every morning from their kirooms, or monasteries, and perambulate the streets with a black or blue wooden box in their hands, which is filled by the charitable with rice and vegetables. Their employment consists chiefly in attending upon their god, keeping the idols clean, and reciting prayers and discourses on moral duties : they also teach the children to read and write. The vernacular character is circular in shape, and written with a style upon palmyra leaves. The most valued of the sacred books are composed of slips of ivory, and written in

the square, or Pali character. The priests, as well as the other inhabitants, keep a sort of scrap-book, or album, which consists of a piece of cloth, smeared with lamp-black (folded up into a small compass), in which they write with a pencil of steatites, songs, memoranda, or any thing curious; they also keep their accounts, and preserve sketches of remarkable objects in it. The name of the book in the vernacular tongue is, *paruok*. Besides the *rhabans*, *poonghees*, or priests, there are a few antiquated virgins, who shave their heads, and are employed in carrying water to the temples, and in other menial offices in the sacred buildings.

A very considerable part of the population of Rangoon is composed of Chinese, or *Fokis* (as they term themselves), who are merchants, shop-keepers, artisans, and constitute the most industrious portion of the inhabitants of this town.

The great *prau*, or pagoda, is the *Shoe Dagoon*, or golden temple; it is situated two miles and a half in the rear of Rangoon. Leaving the town by one of the northern gates, a board fosse is crossed by a causeway; the road then gradually ascends between rows of smaller pagodas, till the eminence is reached, on which stands the *Shoe Dagoon*, occupying the highest of three platforms. The building is octagonal at the base, and spiral at the top, and is said to be three hundred and thirty feet in height. It is highly gilt. On the top is a tee, or umbrella, of open iron work, surmounted by a vane, and a small globe of glass: bells are hung round the lower part of the tee. There are no apertures in the building, which is solid throughout. It has small niches around, which contained images of marble and wood; but these have been removed to England, India, or elsewhere. It was truly melancholy to observe the ravages which had been committed on the smaller pagodas surrounding the *Shoe Dagoon*: one alone, amongst thousands, was preserved from pillage by the exertions of Dr. Campbell, of the Madras Artillery.

On the southern side of the pagoda is a beautiful pavilion, gilt and picked out with crimson, containing an image of Gaudma of such gigantic dimensions, that an English officer placed his couch, where he reposed, in its left hand! The pagoda and environs were at this time occupied as a military post, having guns and mortars mounted upon the upper platforms. To the north of it was a piquet. From the village of Kemmendine, four miles up the river, to that of Poojadow, two miles below Rangoon, are the remains of the Burmese trenches when they invested our army in December, 1824. The sallies made by our troops from the great pagoda occasioned much slaughter amongst the enemy. The skeletons of men are constantly met with in the neighbouring jungles.

These jungles consist of the mangifera Indica, the ficus Indica, different varieties of palm, plants of the euphorbium genus, the laurus cassia, with plantains, the jack-fruit, the custard apple, a species of cedar, and high reeds in abundance, the abode of swarms of mosquitoes.

The animals which inhabit the jungles are the wild elephant and tigers of a large size, some of which I have seen prowling near the stockade which surrounds Rangoon, in search of the paria dogs; also wild hogs, antelopes, and other deer. The fowls are the common jungle-fowl, with snipes, woodcocks, partridges, and quails.

The following particulars respecting the mission to Persia may prove interesting to many of our readers:—

The importance of maintaining friendly relations with Persia, a country which opposes an obstacle to the encroachments of Russia, and is, in fact, a protection to our Indian territories against invaders from Europe, has induced the British government, as well as the East India Company, to send expensive embassies, at various periods, to the court of Tehran. Of late, a British *chargé d'affaires* has constantly resided at the capital; the arsenal has been furnished with the necessary stores from India, and the Persian army has been disciplined by European officers.

During the late war between England and France, Persia received from the former a subsidy of 200,000 tomanas, or £150,000, annually, upon the condition that she would prevent the French emperor from marching through the Persian territories to attack the East India Company's possessions. When the danger ceased, the subsidy was withdrawn; but the British government was bound by treaty to renew it in the event of a war with Russia, if the latter power was the aggressor.

A considerable balance of the arrears of this subsidy remained unpaid; in consequence of which repeated embassies were sent from Persia to England, and this country was subjected to heavy expenses for the maintenance of the envoys, who were unprovided with funds from their own government. His Majesty's ministers, consequently, proposed to the East India Company, (from whom the subsidy was due,) that the diplomatic intercourse with Persia should be managed by the company, and that future envoys should be accredited by the Governor-General of India, in order to avoid the delay and expense created by the intervention of the court of Great Britain.

A mission was accordingly prepared on the part of the East India Company. The envoy, Colonel Macdonald Kinneir, was not an accredited ambassador of his Britannic Majesty, like Sir Harford Jones and Sir Gore Ouseley; but, like Sir John Malcolm, was the agent or representative of the company.

When this change in the political character of the envoy was communicated to the King of Persia, he refused to receive the mission, alleging that it would be derogatory to his dignity to recognize an envoy from a body of merchants.

There is abundant reason to believe that the shah was instigated to this course by the Russians, who intimated that if the British envoy was received, they would in future send missions from the Governor General of Georgia, instead of embassies from the sovereign of Russia, as formerly. It was also insinuated by the courtiers about the person of

the heir-apparent, and who were in the pay of Russia, that a new and unfavourable treaty was to be proposed.

Notwithstanding the effect which the Russian representations produced at the courts of Tehran and Tabreez, it is a mistaken notion that the Russians were favoured by the Persians; on the contrary, they have always been objects of jealousy. It has been the constant aim of Russia, for several years, to extend her frontier to the river Arras, which would deprive Persia of one of her finest provinces, that of Erivan, the surdar of which, Hussun Khan, is a brave and enterprising chief, who repelled the Russians when they attempted to invade the province in the last war. There is no doubt, indeed, that Russia possessed considerable influence over the heir-apparent, owing to the stipulation in the treaty of Gulistan, which bound Russia to assist him in securing the throne on the demise of the reigning monarch. This charm is now dissolved.

Colonel Macdonald received his appointment and instructions, as envoy, at Calcutta, in March, 1824. Henry Willock, Esq., K. L. S., then his Britannic Majesty's *chargé d'affaires* at the court of Persia, was nominated secretary and head assistant to the mission; Capt. J. N. R. Campbell, Madras Cavalry, was appointed second assistant; Dr. McNeill, Bombay establishment, surgeon; and Lieutenant R. Macdonald, Bengal cavalry, commandant of escort.

The members of the mission assembled at Bombay in May, when the obstacles before specified put a stop to their embarkation. Application was made to the supreme government for instructions, and the envoy was directed to remain at Bombay till further orders. The governors of the two subordinate presidencies were, however, of opinion that the mission ought to have proceeded without delay; that its object was of so much importance as to demand expedition; and that had firmness been displayed at first, in disregarding the frivolous objections of the Persian court to the character of the envoy, the rich presents he carried, and the arrears of the subsidy, which he was authorized to pay, would have overcome the scruples of the court, and secured him, eventually, a favourable reception.

In July, Major George Willock, brother to the late *chargé d'affaires* in Persia, arrived at Calcutta on a private mission from the court of Tehran, respecting the arrears of subsidy. The subject of the Persian mission had, it appears, undergone much discussion in the council of the supreme government of India; and in August the envoy was informed, by a letter from the secretary to government in the political department, that the mission was suspended until the receipt of advices from England. The envoy was directed to remain at Bombay on the salary attached to his rank, with a table allowance of a thousand rupees per mensem. The other members of the mission were directed to return to their respective duties.

In December, letters from Persia brought advices that a change had taken place in the sentiments of the prince royal, which was

probably brought about by the meritorious exertions of Major Hart, generalissimo of the prince's army, and Dr. Cornick, his physician. Abbas Mirza now urged the shah to invite the mission to his court, and expressed a decided disapprobation of the sentiments entertained by the ministers of Tehran. The shah, however, adhered to his former resolutions: he relaxed only so far as to consent to receive the mission with due honour, but refused to allow of the permanent residence of the envoy, unless he should be accredited by his Britannic Majesty. The mission of Col. Macdonald still remained in abeyance at Bombay, waiting advices from England.

Meanwhile, Major Willock's mission was proceeding rapidly to completion. It had been publicly recognized by the governor-general, and his papers were submitted to the consideration of the council. In the course of two or three months, the governor-general was pleased to concede all points relative to the subsidy, and to the debt due to an individual named Nubbee Khan; and in January, 1825, the major left Calcutta on his return to Persia, empowered to draw the full amount of the debt, and the sum of 182,000 tomauns, (nearly eleven lakhs of sicca rupees,) the arrears of the subsidy.

The impolicy of this proceeding is obvious. Whilst the Shah of Persia persisted in refusing to admit an envoy from the East India Company, he was taught to believe he could not receive the amount of his pecuniary claims; but by this precipitate measure the supreme government relinquished the powerful instrument it possessed of obliging the Persian court to comply with its views and to receive its envoy, whilst it strengthened the influence of the British *chargé d'affaires*, whom the envoy was to supersede. The objects of the mission were, by this proceeding, almost entirely frustrated.

Russia availed herself instantly of our errors, under the judicious direction of her resident minister, M. Amburger. The designs of the crafty Alexander, and the process by which the Persian prince royal extricated himself from Russian intrigues, will be more properly treated of in a summary of the causes and events of the existing war betwixt Persia and Russia, which will be given in a succeeding chapter. It has been already intimated that the prince was restored to sounder views of his own interest, and to more friendly feelings towards the English, by the persevering arguments of the British officers in his service.

By the exertions of our *chargé d'affaires*, the shah was at length induced to abandon his objections to the mission proposed to be sent by the East-India Company, and to receive it in the usual manner. His Majesty was the more easily reconciled to this measure upon hearing that the envoy was a relation (brother-in-law) of Sir John Malcolm, who is an universal favourite in Persia, owing to his captivating address and liberal disbursement of money—a sure engine in Oriental politics. Since the last embassy of Sir John Malcolm, the English name has stood high in Persia; and when the present mission was first proposed, the Persians urgently

solicited that Sir John might be sent, as he had completely won their hearts.

In February, 1825, an invitation arrived from the shah for the mission to proceed to his court. The supreme government, however, still deemed it expedient to wait for advices from England: it was, moreover, imagined that an alacrity to accept the invitation might indicate an over-anxiety to court the friendship of Persia; and that a moderate delay would manifest our indifference, and likewise be a proper mark of resentment for the slight which the mission had hitherto experienced. These reasons appear extremely unsatisfactory. With regard to the first, the public good demanded that the mission should proceed whilst the shah was in a humour to receive it cordially; as to the last, the shah could scarcely believe we were indifferent to his friendship, after the enormous sums we had disbursed during the last thirty years to secure it. The concessions made through the medium of Major Willock, must effectually have banished all idea of our resentment from the mind of the shah.

The character of the reigning monarch of Persia is fickle and capricious. Although the dread of Russia, and a strong impression that the English are more to be depended upon than any other ally, may have induced his Majesty to sacrifice his scruples in point of etiquette upon this occasion, still he was not to be depended upon (as, indeed, his change of resolution in this particular proves,) and great mischief might have arisen from delay.

In April, 1825, the supreme government determined not to despatch the mission until another kind of invitation came from the court of Persia. In October, a more pressing invitation arrived, when the members of the mission were ordered to be in readiness. In March, 1826, a nobleman of the blood royal (Curree Khan) came to Bombay, in the hon. company's cruiser Ternate, to attend the envoy to the Persian court; Colonel Macdonald accordingly embarked in the Tamar frigate with his lady, and after a prosperous voyage arrived at Bushire.

We shall resume our notice next week.

English Fashionables Abroad: a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1827. Colburn.

It would be somewhat difficult to find a fashionable novel of the day, in which some of the principal characters are not either sent on their travels, or represented as bringing home a vast stock of foreign sympathies and foreign absurdities. That such should be the case is not to be wondered at, when a writer to be interesting, must be sentimental, and the sentimentality of modern times is not the fulness of the quick and living heart,—the buoyant spirit and dancing pulse of a free English girl, but the glozing languor and voluptuousness of Italian harlotry. We had little expectation, therefore, when we took up the volumes before us, of any thing new, either in the design or execution. Notwithstanding its bewitching title, we shrewdly suspected it was only an old story served up again with new scenes and decorations, and that all the difference between English Fa-

shionables Abroad and English fashionables at home would be the deeper colouring and more conspicuous prominence of characters whom we would always rather meet as masquers in a Venetian carnival, than real personages in an English drawing-room. We were, however, agreeably disappointed. Independent of the tale, which is well told, the description both of manners and scenery is striking and animated, and we have found in our author a sort of fashionable Anacharsis, who has performed his task with excellent good sense and observation. As it is a novel, and not what it had better have been, perhaps, an unconfined sketch of English society abroad, there is an occasional failure of interest when the author descends to the common details of story telling; but he has so judiciously interwoven his delineation of custom and character with his tale, and at the same time so generally avoided whatever could offend the moral feelings of his readers, that he deserves our praise for the ingenuity with which he has performed the difficult task of making a novel very delightful for other excellences than that of its story. Our first extract is an account of an evening party at Rome:—

The next day, Emily Sternheim, with all the aptitude for pleasure which the young and inexperienced feel, passed most of her time in conjecturing what kind of a party the Duchess di Buonamano's would be. When the hour of nine arrived,—for the English at Rome affect to steer a middle course between the London and Italian hours—and when Lady Herman had critically examined Miss Sternheim's dress, on the belief that it was impossible a girl from Feversham should know how to dress herself; and when she had turned her round and round, and discovered one single fault,—namely, that she had forgotten the bouquet Lord Vanderville had sent her; when these, and a hundred other such trifles combined to prove that the fullness of time was come, Lady Harman and her niece proceeded to the Corso Palace; at whose open gate-way stood two soldiers, armed *cap-a-piè*, to give martial intimation to such of the *valets de place* as obsequiously waited outside, of the respectful homage now due to their late compeer the present duke, and of the elevation to which the wheel of fortune might hereafter raise themselves. The dim light which twinkled over the door-way of the palace fortunately concealed, rather than displayed, the accumulation of dirt which the court-yards of Roman palaces are privileged to contain: but, unfortunately, one invidious ray fell on a heap of orange-skins, which lay near the door, and gave at once a striking example of the economized liberality with which the noble host had prepared for the reception of his guests.

The "darkness visible" was, however, suddenly dispelled by the luminous appearance of two pages, belonging to one of the many ambassadors who frequent the weekly levee of this courteous duchess; and Emily, who never before had seen any similar figures, except on the stage, stopped to admire the brilliant lightness of their costume. Their small caps, crowned with plumes;

their jackets rich with embroidery, bound tight round their waists with silken sashes; their yellow Turkish slippers, which scarcely shod their feet, and gave no sound to their steps; and above all, the tall waxen flambeaux which each held in his hands, appearing like wands of flame, all surprised and delighted Emily.

‘Meantime, Lady Harman was stumbling and groping out of the tottering steps of her job-carriage, whose lamps shed no splendour, and whose exterior marked no state. Few of the English of any rank use their own equipages abroad, except for travelling, and almost all leave the other paraphernalia of their dignity at home; forgetting, that in the unflagged, unlighted streets of continental towns, no provision is made for public convenience. In London, its cleanliness and brilliancy belong to the people; in other capitals, those, like all other luxuries, are monopolized by the great; and so few foreign cities even make an attempt to light their streets, that it is considered the peculiar boast of Paris to have a few lamps swung from posts on the opposite sides of the pavement, as well on account of their illumination, as for their convenient adaptation to the purposes of summary vengeance. Italian towns, with few exceptions, lay no claim to the advantages *de la lanterne* in either capacity; and thus in those very places where no attention is paid to public accommodation, and where individual respect can only be procured by exterior ostentation, our English nobility, proud as they are in their intrinsic grandeur, voluntarily despoil themselves even of that splendour which they unnecessarily, yet daily parade in their own country; and class themselves in appearance with that rank amongst the natives of the lands they travel in, which they would hardly condescend elsewhere to notice.

‘At last, Emily assisted her aunt to crawl up one flight of the cold, dark, wide, dirty staircase, which led to the state apartments, when their further progress was impeded, and they were obliged to stop to make way for a cardinal, whose rank was proclaimed at once by the little red skull-cap which covered the crown of his head, by the scarlet stockings which decorated his legs, and by the train of liveried servants, part of which precede and part follow their eminences down stairs in private houses, and always make way before them whenever, in ostentatious humility, their sanctified feet deign to tread the streets.

‘At last they reached the top of the staircase, where the same sort of matted curtain which Emily had observed at the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, hung before a door to exclude the air, and to mark the entrance to the Duchess di Buonamano’s assembly-rooms.

‘Having passed under it, a scene presented itself, as new to English ladies as surprising to all. It consisted of a *conversazione* amongst the servants, belonging, as well to the visitors, as to the house. A narrow lane was left in the crowd for the passage of the company; and on the benches which fenced it in, some dozen others lounged for the purpose, not of

awaiting the orders of their superiors, but of criticising them in audible observations, as they passed in review before them. But by far the greatest number were collected in groups of gamblers, each of which was amply supplied with the cards and dice necessary for their different avocations. The room was extremely well lighted, and altogether displayed a saturnalia which is only to be found among the slaves of foreign dissipation.

‘No sooner did lady Harman and Emily cross the unhallowed threshold, preceded by their *valet de place*, than a universal murmur arose, which, in a moment, increased to loud hisses. Lady Harman looked round indignantly, as if to awe the lawless multitude; but the blush that brightened Emily’s cheek, and the tear that trembled in her eye-lashes, were a more eloquent appeal. In an instant, the expression of the murmur changed, and “Bella Inglese,” “Bellina Forestiera,” was heard from every mouth. Emily’s confusion increased; till at last, a gentleman, dressed in black, advanced to inquire into the cause of this tumult? It arose from the circumstance that Lady Harman’s *valet de place* had, the night before, left a similar assembly without discharging a gambling debt, which had exceeded the gain of many months. This summary justice, which few of the Roman servants have the courage to resist, soon procured payment of the debt of honour, which a fortunate prize in the lottery of the morning enabled the defaulter to redeem; and Lady Harman and her niece proceeded through the other anti-rooms without further molestation, escorted by the stranger.

‘He had, however, no sooner conducted them up to the duchess, and announced their names, than he returned to his solitary station in the apartments which intervene between those of the servants and the company: Lady Harman for a moment thought this station was emblematical of his rank, and classed him in order with the well-powdered butlers in England. But in this she was mistaken. He was only one of the many poor nobles of Rome, who, for a stipend of a few hundred crowns, attend in the anti-rooms of their richer brethren, for the sole purpose of transmitting from the liveried servants to their masters the names and titles of their guests; and who, after the season of reception is past, return to their own rank in life, and spend in a summer’s day of splendour the earnings of their winter’s degradation.

‘The baron’s introduction was, however, useless: Lord Vanderville had, early in the evening, taken his station at the door through which they were to pass, in anxious and even fretful expectation of their arrival, and he now eagerly stepped forward to welcome them, and present them to the duchess.

‘Nothing can be more affable than the usual manners of her grace; but when she receives any stranger of rank or celebrity, affability rises to kindness: and though to English women she waves the ceremony of a kiss on each cheek, with which foreign ladies salute each other, yet few of any nation leave the assemblies of the Duchess di Buonamano without feeling sufficiently pleased

with their reception, to be inclined to forget vulgarity in good nature, and to pardon upstart dignity in consideration of the hospitality which it authorises.

““I wonder,” said Lord Vanderville, “that the duke will persist in living in this detestable old palace, when his other magnificent one has been ready to receive him these many years!”

““Oh! the prophecy you know! About twenty years ago an old woman foretold that he would die in the course of the first twelve-month after he went to live in the Palazzo Corlonia, and the consequence is, that nothing can ever induce him to remove to it. About twice a year the duchess gives a fête there to astonish the world, and to show the brilliant inheritance of her son the duchino. The remaining three hundred and sixty-three days the family are content to vegetate in this moth-eaten mansion.”

““What a curious example of superstition in the nineteenth century!” thought Emily, as they reached the room peculiarly appropriated to the faro-table; but the only remark she articulated, was on the uncommon brilliancy of the duchess’s jewels.

““I wonder whose diamonds she wears to-night!” said Lady Mary.

““Whose diamonds! could she wear any but her own?” asked Emily, with unaffected surprise.

““Oh! yes—those belonging to the late Princess of Georgio, and those of the Lady of Loretto; they are both pledged to the duke’s bank; and the duchess wears them in turn with her own two sets.”

‘Emily’s unsophisticated notions were doomed to be somewhat offended this night, for she was now equally surprised and shocked at seeing the gambling table crowded with some of the youngest and most beautiful women of Rome. Her natural feelings were rather incongruous to the scene; and she almost repented having expressed them, as Lady Mary, laughing heartily, replied, “Dear child, you must surely forget yourself: don’t speak so loud, for mercy’s sake; you know the very proverb tells you what to do at Rome.”

““But who is that beautiful woman who looks so animated?” inquired Emily.

““She is the Contessa Maritoscorda: the gentleman who holds the bank is her *cavaliere servante*: you need only look in her face to judge of his success, though you would never guess it from his own. Her daughter is almost as handsome as herself; but she has only just left the convent, and therefore cannot be produced till she is married.”

““We ought, then, all too hope for her speedy espousal,” observed Lord Vanderville.

““Good heavens!” exclaimed Emily, “and are these foreign customs?”

““Yes,” returned Lady Mary, “and foreign customs are precisely what half of us are come abroad to learn.”

““I hope they may never be imported to England,” said Lord Vanderville, emphatically: “how far superior are our own countrywomen in all their native loveliness to any others!”

His eye addressed this compliment to Emily, but Lady Mary replied to it—"Superior, certainly; though, like the superiors of convents, three-fourths of our countrywomen are left to enjoy the reverence of you men of fashion, in single blessedness all their lives. You know there are more old maids in England than in any other country."

"Your ladyship forgets the convents," said Emily; and the *naïveté* of her remark produced a hearty and sympathetic laugh from both her auditors.

We shall present our readers, in our next, with one or two more sketches from this amusing work.

The Anatomy of Drunkenness. By ROBERT MACNISH, Member of the Glasgow Medical Society. 8vo. pp. 60. Glasgow, 1827. W. R. M'Phun.

If there be any pleasure in getting drunk, there is, certainly, no pleasure in feeling the effects of drunkenness. By our own law, no person is exempted from due punishment for any crime he may have committed, nor from the consequences of any action he may have done, when voluntarily yielding to his desires. Drunkenness is a vice which, when it has become habitual, it is not easy to cast off; and we regret, therefore, more familiar practical treatises on the subject have not been published, which might at once guard those who have not entered on the dangerous path, and afford suitable directions to those who have fallen too early and too frequent victims to its seductions. That the public possess the very sensible pamphlet before us, is to be attributed, it appears, entirely to the suggestion of the publisher, who deserves our thanks for his discernment. It was written 'as an Inaugural essay, to be presented to the members of the faculty of physicians and surgeons of Glasgow;' and treats of the causes of drunkenness, phenomena of drunkenness, how modified by temperament, how modified by the inebriating agent, the differences in the action of opium and spirits, the method of curing a fit of drunkenness, the consequences of drunkenness, delirium tremens, the sleep of drunkards, the method of curing the habit of drunkenness.

Mr. Macnish's work is full of good remark, and has our hearty recommendation. Let all, whom it may concern, procure and read it carefully, without delay. We shall present our readers with a few extracts:—

Causes of Drunkenness.—There are some persons who will never be drunkards, and others who will be so in spite of all that can be done to prevent them. Some are drunkards by choice, and others by necessity. The former have an innate and constitutional fondness for liquor, and drink *con amore*. Such men are usually of a sanguineous temperament, of coarse unintellectual minds, and of low and animal propensities. They have, in general, a certain rigidity of fibre, and a flow of animal spirits which other people are without. They delight in the roar and riot of drinking clubs; and with them, in particular, all the miseries of life may be referred to the bottle.

The drunkard by necessity was never

meant by nature to be dissipated. He is perhaps a person of amiable dispositions, whom misfortune has overtaken, and who, instead of bearing up manfully against it, endeavours to drown his sorrows in liquor. It is an excess of sensibility, a partial mental weakness, an absolute misery of the heart, which drives him on. Drunkenness, with him, is a consequence of misfortune; it is a solitary dissipation preying upon him in silence. Such a man frequently dies broken-hearted, even before his excesses have had time to destroy him by their own unassisted agency.

Women frequently acquire the vice by drinking porter and ale while nursing. These stimulants are usually recommended to them from well meant but mistaken motives, by their female attendants. Many fine young women are ruined by this detestable practice. Their persons become gross, their milk unhealthy, and a foundation is too often laid for future indulgence in liquor.

Men of genius are often unfortunately addicted to drinking. Nature, as she has gifted them with greater powers than their fellows, seems also to have mingled with their cup of life more bitterness. There is a melancholy which is apt to come like a cloud over the imaginations of such characters. Their minds possess a susceptibility and a delicacy of structure which unfit them for the gross atmosphere of human nature; wherefore, high talent has ever been distinguished for sadness and gloom.

To relieve these feelings, many plans have been adopted. Dr. Johnson fled for years to wine under his habitual gloom. He found that the pangs were removed while its immediate influence lasted, but he also found that they returned with double force when that influence passed away. He saw the dangerous precipice on which he stood, and, by an unusual effort of volition, gave it over. In its stead he substituted tea; and to this milder stimulus had recourse in his melancholy. Voltaire and Fontenelle, for the same purpose, used coffee. The excitements of Newton and Hobbes were the fumes of tobacco, while Demosthenes and Haller were sufficiently stimulated by drinking freely of cold water. Such are the differences of constitution.

The body less sensible to external stimuli during a paroxysm of Drunkenness.—Seamen, when absent on shore, are prone to get intoxicated; and they will frequently lie for hours on the highway, even in the depth of winter, without any bad consequences. A drunk man seldom shivers from cold. His frame seems steeled against it, and he holds out with an apathy which is astonishing. The body is, in like manner, insensible to injuries, such as cuts, bruises, &c. He frequently receives, in fighting, the most severe blows, without seemingly feeling them, and without, in fact, being aware of the matter till sobered. Persons in intoxication have been known to chop off their fingers, and otherwise disfigure themselves, laughing all the while at the action. But when the paroxysm is off, and the frame weakened, things are changed. External agents are then with-

stood with little vigour, with even less than in the natural state of the body. The person shivers on the slightest chill, and is more than usually subject to fevers and all sorts of contagion.

The natural disposition better discovered in Drunkenness.—In modern society, life is all a disguise. Every man walks in masquerade, and his most intimate friend very often does not know his real character. Many wear smiles constantly upon their cheeks whose hearts are unprincipled and treacherous. Many with violent tempers have all the external calm and softness of charity itself. Some speak always with sympathy, who, at soul, are full of gall and bitterness. Intoxication tears off the veil, and sets each in its true light, whatever that may be. The combative man will quarrel, the sensualist will love, the detractor will abuse his neighbour. I have known exceptions, but they are few in number. At one time they seemed more numerous, but closer observation convinced me that most of those whom I thought drunkenness had libelled, inherited, at bottom, the genuine dispositions which it brought forth.

There is great diversity of sentiment as to the doctrine of the temperaments. The ancients and Richerand affirm, and Spurzheim denies their existence. All our author would contend for, is, that the bodily and mental constitution of every man is not alike, and that on their peculiarities depend certain differences during a paroxysm of drunkenness:

I. Sanguineous Drunkard.—The sanguine temperament seems to feel most intensely the excitement of the bottle. Persons of this stamp have usually a ruddy complexion, thick neck, small head, and strong muscular fibre. Their intellect is in general mediocre, for great bodily strength and corresponding mental powers are rarely united together. In such people, the animal propensities prevail over the moral and intellectual ones. They are prone to combativeness and sensuality; are either very good-natured or extremely quarrelsome. All their passions are keen: they will fight for their friends or with them as occasion requires. They are talkative from the beginning, and, during confirmed intoxication, perfectly obstreperous. It is men of this class who are the heroes of all drunken companies, the patrons of masonic lodges, the presidents and getters-up of jovial meetings. With them, eating and drinking are the grand ends of human life. Look at their eyes, how they sparkle at the sight of wine, and how their lips smack and their teeth water in the neighbourhood of a good dinner: they would scent out a banquet in Siberia. When intoxicated, their passions are highly excited: the energies of a hundred minds then seem concentrated into one focus. Their mirth, their anger, their love, their folly, are all equally intense and unquenchable. Such men cannot conceal their feelings. In drunkenness, the veil is removed from them, and their characters stand revealed, as in a glass, to the eye of the beholder. The Roderic Random of Smollett had much of this temperament, blended, however, with more intellect than usually belongs to it.

II. Melancholy Drunkard.—Melancholy, in drunkards, sometimes arises from temperament, but more frequently from habitual intoxication or misfortune. Some men are melancholy by nature, but become highly mirthful when they have drunk a considerable quantity. Men of this tone of mind seem to enjoy the bottle more exquisitely than even the sanguineous class. The joyousness which it excites breaks in upon their gloom like sunshine upon darkness. Above all, the sensations, at the moment when mirth begins with its magic to charm away care, are inexpressible. Pleasures fall in showers of fragrance upon their souls; they are at peace with themselves and all mankind, and enjoy, as it were, a foretaste of paradise. Robert Burns was an example of this variety. His melancholy was constitutional, but heightened by misfortune. The bottle commonly dispelled it, and gave rise to the most delightful images; sometimes, however, it only aggravated the gloom.

III. Surley Drunkard.—Some men are not excited to mirth by intoxication. On the contrary, it renders them gloomy and discontented. Even those who in the sober state are sufficiently gay, become occasionally thus altered. A great propensity to take offence is a characteristic among persons of this temperament. They are suspicious, and very often mischievous. If at some former period they have had a difference with any of the company, they are sure to revive it, although, probably, it has been long ago cemented on both sides, and even forgotten by the other party. People of this description are very unpleasant companions. They are in general so foul-tongued, quarrelsome, and indecent in conversation, that established clubs of drinkers have made it a practice to exclude them from their society.

IV. Phlegmatic Drunkard.—Persons of this temperament are heavy-rolling machines, and, like the above, are not roused to mirth by liquor. Their vital actions are dull and spiritless—the blood in their veins are sluggish as the river Jordan, and their energies stagnant as the Dead Sea. They are altogether a negative sort of beings, with passions too inert to lead them to any thing very good or very bad. They are a species of animated clods, but not thoroughly animated—for the vital fire of feeling has got cooled in penetrating their frozen frames. A new Prometheus would require to breathe into their nostrils, to give them the ordinary glow and warmth of humanity. Look at a phlegmatic man—how dead, passionless, and uninspired, is the expression of his clammy lips and vacant eye! Speak to him—how cold, slow, and tame is his conversation! The words come forth as if they were drawn from his mouth with a pair of pincers; and the ideas are as frozen as if concocted in the bowels of Lapland. Liquor produces no effect upon his mental powers, or if it does, it is a smothering one. The whole energies of the drink fall on his almost impassive frame. From the first, his drunkenness is stupifying; he is seized with a kind of lethargy, the white of his eyes turn up, he breathes loud and harshly, and sinks into an apoplectic stupor.

Yet all this is perfectly harmless, and wears away without leaving any mark behind it. Such persons are very apt to be played upon by their companions. There are few men who, in their younger days, have not assisted in shaving the heads and painting the faces of these lethargic drunkards.

V. Nervous Drunkard.—This is a very harmless and very tiresome personage. Generally of a weak mind and irritable constitution, he does not become boisterous with mirth, and rarely shows the least glimmering of wit or mental energy. He is talkative and fond of long-winded stories, which he tells in a drivelling, silly manner. Never warmed into enthusiasm by liquor, he keeps chatting at some ridiculous tale, very much in the way of a garrulous old man in his dotage.

VI. Choleric Drunkard.—There are a variety of drunkards whom I can only class under the above title. They seem to possess few of the qualities of the other races, and are chiefly distinguished by an uncommon testiness of disposition. They are quick, irritable, and impatient, but withal good at heart, and, when in humour, very pleasant and generous. They are easily put out of temper, but it returns almost immediately. This disposition is very prevalent among Welshmen and Highland lairds. Mountaineers are usually quick-tempered, such men are not the worst or most unpleasant; Sterne is undoubtedly right when he says that more virtue is to be found in warm than in cold dispositions. Commodore Truncheon is a marked example of this temperament; and Captain Fluellen, who compelled the heroic Pistol to eat the leek, is another.

With regard to the inebriating agents; of spirits, brandy kills soonest: it takes most rapidly to the head, and tinges the face to a crimson or livid hue. Rum is probably the next in point of fatality; and, after that, gin and whisky. The superior diuretic qualities of the two latter, and the less luscious sources from which they are procured, may possibly account for these differences.

Drunkenness from wine closely resembles that from ardent spirits. It is equally airy and volatile, more especially if the light wines, such as champagne, claret, chambertin, or volnay, be drunk. On the former, a person may get tipsy several times of a night. The fixed air evolved from it produces a feeling analogous to ebriety, independent of the spirit it contains. Port, sherry, and madeira are heavier wines, and have a stronger tendency to excite headache and fever.

Malt liquors, under which title we include all kinds of porter and ales, produce the worst species of drunkenness. The hop of these fluids is highly narcotic, and brewers often add other substances, to heighten its effect, such as opium, cocculus indicus, &c. Malt liquors, therefore, act in two ways upon the body, partly by the alcohol they contain, and partly by the narcotic principle. In addition to this, the fermentation which they undergo is much less perfect than that of spirits or wine. After being swallowed, this process is carried on in the stomach, by which fixed air is copiously liberated, and the di-

gestion of delicate stomachs materially impaired. Cider, spruce, ginger, and table-beers, though purposely impregnated with this air for the sake of briskness, produce the same bad effect, even when their briskness has vanished. The cause of all this is the want of due fermentation.

Opium resembles the other agents of intoxication in this, that the fondness for it increases with use, and that, at last, it becomes nearly essential for bodily comfort and peace of mind. Some will take to the extent of from one to two drachms daily. There are many persons who make a practice of swallowing half an ounce of laudanum night and morning. The "English Opium-Eater" himself furnishes the most extraordinary instance on record of the power of habit in bringing the body to withstand this drug. He took daily eight thousand drops of laudanum, containing three hundred and twenty grains of opium. This enormous quantity he reduced suddenly, and without any considerable effort, to one thousand drops, or forty grains. "Instantaneously," says he, "and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours which I have seen roll away from the summits of the mountains, drew off in one day; passed off with its murky banners, as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by the spring-tide."

The drunkenness, if it merit that name, from inhaling nitrous oxide, is likewise of a character widely differing from intoxication in general. On breathing the gas the pulse is accelerated, and a feeling of heat and expansion pervades the chest. The most vivid and highly pleasurable ideas pass, at the same time, through the mind; and the imagination is exalted to a pitch of entrancing ecstasy. The hearing is rendered more acute, the face is flushed, and the body seems so light, that the person conceives himself capable of rising up and mounting into the air. Some assume theatrical attitudes: others laugh immoderately, and stamp upon the ground. There is an universal increase of muscular power, attended with the most exquisite delight. In a few cases there are melancholy, giddiness, and indistinct vision; but generally the feelings are those of perfect pleasure. After these strange effects have ceased, no debility ensues, like that which commonly follows high excitement. On the contrary, the mind is strong and collected, and the body unusually vigorous for some hours after the operation.

Cure of Drunkenness.—The first step to be adopted is, the discontinuance of all liquors or substances which have the power of intoxicating. When much bodily vigour remains—when the morning cravings for the bottle are not irresistible, nor the appetite altogether broken, the person should give over his bad habits instantly. This is a state of incipient drunkenness. He has not yet acquired the constitution of a confirmed sot, and the sooner he ceases the better. The immediate abandonment of drinking may also, in general, take place when there is any organic disease, such as enlarged liver,

dropsy, or schirrus stomach. Those drunkards who have no particular disease, unless a tremor and loss of appetite be so denominated, require to be deprived of the bottle by degrees. Their system would be apt to fall into a state of torpor if it were suddenly taken away, and various mental diseases, such as melancholy and madness, might even be the result.

'I cannot give any directions with regard to the regimen of a reformed drunkard. This will depend upon different circumstances, such as age, constitution, diseases, and manner of living. It may be laid down as a general rule, that it ought to be as little heating as possible. A milk or vegetable diet will commonly be preferable to every other. But there are cases in which a food of a richer quality is requisite, as when there is much emaciation and debility. Here it may even be necessary to give a moderate quantity of wine.'

'Enervated drunkards will reap much benefit by removing to the country, if their usual residence is in town. The free air and exercise renovate their enfeebled frames; new scenes are presented to occupy their attention; and the mind being withdrawn from former scenes, the chain of past associations is broken in two.

'Warm and cold bathing will occasionally be useful, according to circumstances. Bitters are not to be recommended, especially if employed under the medium of spirits. Where there is much debility, chalybeates will prove serviceable. A visit to places where there are mineral springs is of use, not only from the waters, but from the agreeable society to be met with at such quarters. The great art of breaking the habit consists in managing the drunkard with kindness and address. This management must of course be modified by the events which present themselves, and which will vary in different cases.'

'A long chapter might be written upon the nature and cure of many diseases brought on by drunkenness; thus an excessive use of strong liquors produces hepatitis and dropsy, but both of these disorders may arise from many other causes. It is the same with mania, hysteria, gastritis, and various others. The only complaints of which I considered it necessary to detail the symptoms and cure, are the drunken apoplexy and delirium tremens; and I did so for no other reason but that they were produced by dissipation alone, and were treated in a peculiar manner. All the others are cured upon general principles—it being always understood that the bad habit which brought them on must be dropped before any good can result from medicine.'

MEMOIRS OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

(Concluded from p. 243.)

OUR next extract, from the diary of this extraordinary man, is the account of his interview with General Hoche. Hoche was the man on whom Wolfe placed the most ardent of his hopes. They were both in the prime of life, both ardent in the pursuit of fame, and both looking forward to achieve the

highest designs in the future career of life. In a little time, the general of the republic was in his grave, and the patriot of Ireland a prisoner and dying in a dungeon. The following interview took place at the Luxembourg, in Fleurey's cabinet. Wolfe was there before the general, who, on entering said, "*Vous vous êtes le citoyen Smith?*" I thought he was a *chef de bureau*, and replied, "*Où, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith.*" He said, "*Vous appelez, aussi, je crois, Wolfe Tone?*" I replied, "*Où, citoyen, c'est mon véritable nom.*" "*Eh bien,*" replied he, "*je suis le General Hoche.*" At these words, I mentioned that I had been for a long time desirous of the honour I now enjoyed, to find myself in his company. He then said he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. "Well," said he, "there are one or two points on which I want to consult you;" and he proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effected, might he rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread? I said it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland, previous to the landing, because of the *surveillance* of the government, but if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle, and, as for bread, I saw by the Gazette that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country; and I assured him, that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, they should not want it.—He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisional government, either of the Catholic Committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the defenders? I thought I saw an opening here, to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied, that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act; but if it were considerable, I had no doubt of their co-operation. "Undoubtedly," replied he, "men will not sacrifice themselves, when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force." He then asked, did I think ten thousand men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly, but that early in the business, the minister had spoken to me of two thousand, and that I had replied that such a number could effect nothing. "No," replied he, "they would be overwhelmed before any one could join them." I was glad to hear him give this opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the minister; and I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support and co-operation sufficient to form a provisional government. He then asked me what I thought of the priests, or was it likely they would give us any trouble? I replied, I certainly did not calculate on their assistance, but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people

was exceedingly diminished of late, and I instanced the case of the defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials, and in these memorandums. I explained all this at some length to him, and concluded by saying, that, in prudence, we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily, and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion, but added that, in the contrary event, I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me how I thought they would act? I replied, for the regulars I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country *en masse*; nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it became necessary, was so much gained. He said he would, undoubtedly, make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition, stores and artillery, and for his own reputation see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him speak thus; it sets my mind at ease on divers points. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied, and that was, what form of government we should adopt in the event of our success? I was going to answer him with great earnestness, when General Clarke entered, to request we would come to dinner with Citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the president, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside and repeated his question. I replied, "Most undoubtedly, a republic." He asked again, "Are you sure?" I said, "as sure as I can be of any thing: I know nobody in Ireland who thinks of any other system, nor do I believe there is any body who dreams of monarchy." He then asked me, "Is there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king?" I replied, "Not the smallest," and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. This is the old business again, but I believe I satisfied Hoche; it looks well to see him so anxious on that topic, on which he pressed me more than on all the others. Carnot joined us here, with a pocket-map of Ireland in his hand, and the conversation became pretty general between Clarke, Hoche, and him, every one else having left the room. I said scarcely any thing, as I wished to listen. Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, "There is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef." I told him I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland

had become a great corn country, so that, at present, it made a considerable article in her exports. They then proceeded to confer; but I found it difficult to follow them, as it was in fact a suite of former conversations, at which I had not assisted, and besides, they spoke with the rapidity of Frenchmen. I collected, however, if I am right, that there will be two landings: one (from Holland), near Belfast, and the other (from Brittany) in Connaught; that there will be, as I suppose, in both embarkations, not less than ten, nor more than fifteen thousand men—twelve thousand was mentioned, but I did not hear any time specified. Carnot said, "It will be, to be sure, a most brilliant operation." And well may he say so, if he succeeds. We then went to dinner, which was very well served, without being luxurious. We had two courses and a desert. There were present about sixteen or eighteen persons, including Madame Carnot, her sister, and sister-in-law; Carnot, his brother, Hoche, Truguet, the Minister of Marine, Clarke, two or three officers, and Legarde, the secretaire-general. I sat by Hoche. After coffee was served, we rose, and Carnot, Hoche, Truguet, Lacuée, and Clarke, retired to a cabinet and held a council on Irish affairs, which lasted from six to nine o'clock. In the mean time, I walked with Legarde in the gardens of the Luxembourg, where we listened to a symphony performed in the apartments of La Reveilliere Lepaux, who is lodged over Carnot. Legarde tells me that La Reveilliere has concerts continually, and that music is his great resource after the fatigues of his business, which are immense. At nine, the council broke up, and I walked away with Clarke; he said every thing was now settled, and that he had himself much trouble to bring every thing to bear, but that at last he had succeeded. I wished him joy most sincerely, and fixing to call upon him to-morrow at twelve, we parted.—This was a grand day; I dined with the President of the Executive Directory of France, beyond all comparison the most illustrious station in Europe. I am very proud of it, because it has come fairly in the line of my duty, and I have made no unworthy sacrifices to obtain it. I like Carnot extremely, and Hoche, I think, yet better.

Called on Hoche, at seven, and found him in bed, talking with two generals whom I did not know. One is going to Italy, very much against the grain. General Sherlock called in. I collect from what he said, that he is to be of our expedition, and that he does not know it himself yet. After they were gone, Hoche asked me, "When I would be ready to leave town?" I answered, I was at his command, but wished, if possible, to have four or five days to make some little arrangements. He said, by all means; that he proposed leaving town in seven days himself, and that, if he could, he would give me a seat in his carriage; but if not, he would settle that I should travel with General Cherin, his most particular friend, who was to have a command in the business, but to whom, as yet, he had not opened himself on the subject. I made my acknowledgments,

and asked him, at the same time, whether my appearance at head-quarters might not give rise to some suspicions, from the circumstance of my being a foreigner? He replied, he would settle me in a village near Rennes, his head-quarters, where I should be incognito, and, at the same time, within his reach. I asked him then, was he apprized of the directory having honoured me with the rank of *chef de brigade*? He replied he was, and made me his compliment. I then observed to him, I presumed I might be of most service in some situation near his person; that I spoke French, as he might observe, very imperfectly; nevertheless, I could make myself understood, and as he did not speak English, I might be useful in his communications with the people of Ireland. He replied, "Leave all that to me; as soon as you join, and that your regiment is formed, I will apply for the rank of adjutant-general for you; that will place you at once in the *etat major*, and besides, you must be in a situation where you may have a command, if necessary." I returned him a thousand thanks; and he proceeded to ask me, "Did I think it was likely that the men of property, or any of them, wished for a revolution in Ireland?" I replied, "Most certainly not," and that he should reckon on all the opposition that class could give him; that, however, it was possible that when the business was once commenced, some of them might join us on speculation, but that it would be sorely against their real sentiments. He then asked me, "Do you know Arthur O'Connor?" I replied, I did, and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, "Did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish parliament?" I replied, he made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that house. "Well," said he, "will he join us?" I answered, I hoped, as he was "*fonceurement Irlandais*," that he undoubtedly would. So it seems O'Connor's speech is well known here. If ever I meet him, as I hope I may, I will tell him what Hoche said, and the character he bears in France. It must be highly gratifying to his feelings. Hoche then went on to say, "There is a lord in your country; (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing, as I do, what stuff our Irish peers are made of); he is son to a duke; is he not a patriot?" I immediately smoked my lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him. He asked me then about the duke. I replied that I hoped for his assistance, or at least neutrality, if the business was once commenced. He then mentioned Fitzgibbon, of all men in the world I endeavoured to do him justice, as I had to the others he spoke of, and I believe I satisfied Hoche, that we will not meet with prodigious assistance from his Majesty's Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He proceeded to ask me, "What quantity of arms would be necessary?" I replied, the more the better, as we should find soldiers for as many firelocks as France would send us. He then told me, he had demanded eighty thousand, but was sure of

fifty thousand. That is a piece of good news. I answered, with fifty thousand stand to begin with, we should soon have all the arms in the nation in our hands, adding, that I had the strongest hopes the militia, who composed the only real force in Ireland, would give us no opposition. We then spoke of the aristocracy of Ireland, and I assured him, as I had done Clarke, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed; adding that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen. He said, certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed; but the less the better, and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would, no doubt, be ready to do, than to put them to death; in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like Parson Adams, "I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me." Hoche mentioned, also, that great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French revolution, by the quantity of blood spilled: "For," added he, "when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true, but then you make all his friends and connections enemies to the government;"—a sentence well worth considering. I am heartily glad to find Hoche of this humane temperament, because I hope I am humane myself, and trust we shall be able to prevent unnecessary bloodshed in Ireland, which I shall, most sincerely exert my best endeavour to do. He then desired me to call on him every two or three days, at seven o'clock, at which time I might be sure to find him disengaged, adding, that he did not wish to mix me with the crowd; and after several expressions of civility and attention on his part, all which I set down to the credit of my country, we parted. I like Hoche more and more. He is one of the pleasantest fellows I ever conversed with, possessing a fine manly mind and a fine manly figure.—On my return, I found a very friendly answer from Monroe, inviting me to dinner for to-day, in order to settle about trade affairs.—I should have mentioned, that Hoche asked me whether the Defenders had ever sent any one to France, to make representations. I answered, I could not positively say, but I believed not, they being, for the most part, the peasantry of Ireland, and, of course, having neither means nor proper persons to send.

On the 16th of September, 1796, Wolfe set off from Paris on his first military expedition. We must, however, pass over his adventures, and hasten to the melancholy close of his short, but honourable career. The issue of the attempt made by France in conformity with the invitation of the Irish malcontents is too well known to need recital, and we shall finish our review of these

deeply interesting volumes with the affecting account given by the editor of his father's death:—

"On the next day, 12th November, (the day fixed for his execution,) the scene in the Court of King's Bench was awful and impressive to the highest degree. As soon as it opened, Curran advanced, leading the aged father of Tone, who produced his affidavit that his son had been brought before a bench of officers, calling itself a court-martial, and sentenced to death. "I do not pretend," said Curran, "that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honourable men. But it is stated in this affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty; and, therefore, no court-martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him, whilst the Court of King's Bench sat in the capacity of the Great Criminal Court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured; but every law authority is with me, whilst I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day. He may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a habeas corpus, to be directed to the provost-marshal of the barracks of Dublin, and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone."

"Chief Justice.—"Have a writ instantly prepared."

"Curran.—"My client may die whilst the writ is preparing."

"Chief Justice.—"Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks, and acquaint the provost-marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

"The court awaited, in a state of the utmost agitation and suspense, the return of the sheriff. He speedily appeared, and said, "My lord, I have been to the barracks, in pursuance of your order. The provost-marshal says he must obey Major Sandys; Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis." Mr. Curran announced, at the same time, that Mr. Tone, the father, was just returned, after serving the habeas corpus, and that General Craig would not obey it. The chief justice exclaimed, "Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody—take the provost-marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to General Craig."

"The general impression was now, that the prisoner would be led out to execution, in defiance of the court. This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden, a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws, and who, besides, I may add, felt every personal feeling of pity and respect for the prisoner, whom he had formerly contributed to

shield from the vengeance of government, on an occasion almost as perilous. His agitation, according to the expression of an eyewitness, was magnificent.

"The sheriff returned at length with the fatal news. He had been refused admittance in the barracks; but was informed that Mr. Tone, who had wounded himself dangerously the night before, was not in a condition to be removed. A French emigrant surgeon, who had closed the wound, was called in, and declared there was no saying, for four days, whether it was mortal. His head was to be kept in one position, and a sentinel was set over him to prevent his speaking. Removal would kill him at once. The chief justice instantly ordered a rule for suspending the execution.

"I must collect my strength to give the remaining details of the close of my father's life. The secrets of a state prison, and of such a prison as were those of Dublin at that period, are seldom penetrated; and the facts which have reached us are few and meagre. As soon as he learned the refusal of his last request, his determination was taken with the same resolution and coolness which he exhibited during the whole transaction. In order to spare the feelings of his parents and friends, he refused to see any one, and requested only the use of writing materials. During the 10th and 11th of November he addressed the Directory, the minister of marine, General Kilmaine, and Mr. Shee, in France, and several of his friends in Ireland, to recommend his family to their care. I here insert a translation of his letter to the Directory, the only one of which we obtained a copy.

"From the Provost's Prison, Dublin,
"20th Brumaire, 7th year of the Republic,
"(10th Nov. 1798.)

"The Adjutant-General Theobald Wolfe Tone, (called Smith,) to the Executive Directory of the French Republic.

"Citizen Directors,—The English government having determined not to respect my rights as a French citizen and officer, and summoned me before a court-martial, I have been sentenced to death. In these circumstances, I request you to accept my thanks for the confidence with which you have honoured me, and which, in a moment like this, I venture to say I well deserved. I have served the republic faithfully, and my death, as well as that of my brother, a victim like myself, and condemned in the same manner about a month ago, will sufficiently prove it. I hope the circumstances in which I stand will warrant me, citizen directors, in supplicating you to consider the fate of a virtuous wife and of three infant children, who had no other support, and, in losing me, will be reduced to the extreme of misery. I venture, on such an occasion, to recal to your remembrance, that I was expelled from my own country in consequence of my attempts to serve the republic; that, on the invitation of the French government, I came to France; that ever since I had the honour to enter the French service, I have faithfully, and with the approbation of all my chiefs, performed my duty; finally, that I have sacrificed for

the republic all that man holds dearest—my wife, my children, my liberty, my life. In these circumstances, I confidently call on your justice and humanity in favour of my family, assured that you will not abandon them. It is the greatest consolation which remains to me in dying. Health and respect,

"T. W. TONE, (called Smith,)

"Adjutant General."

"He then, with a firm hand and heart, penned the two following letters to my mother:—

"Provost's Prison, Dublin Barracks,
"Le 20 Brumaire, an 7 (10th Nov. 1798.)

"Dearest Love,—The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it; complaint, of any kind, would be beneath your courage and mine; be assured I will die as I have lived, and that you will have no cause to blush for me.

"I have written on your behalf to the French government, to the minister of marine, to General Kilmaine, and to Mr. Shee; with the latter I wish you especially to advise. In Ireland, I have written to your brother Harry, and to those of my friends who are about to go into exile, and who, I am sure, will not abandon you.

"Adieu, dearest love; I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary; and, above all things, remember that you are now the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof you can give of your affection for me, will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all.

"Your's ever, T. W. TONE.

"P. S. I think you have a friend in Wilson, who will not desert you *."

"SECOND LETTER.

"Dearest Love,—I write just one line, to acquaint you that I have received assurances from your brother Edward, of his determination to render every assistance and protection in his power; for which I have written to thank him most sincerely. Your sister has likewise sent me assurances of the same nature, and expressed a desire to see me, which I have refused, having determined to speak to no one of my friends, not even my father, from motives of humanity to them and myself. It is a very great consolation to me, that your family are determined to support you; as to the manner of that assistance, I leave it to their affection for you, and your own excellent good sense, to settle what manner will be most respectable for all parties.

"Adieu, dearest love. Keep your courage, as I have kept mine; my mind is as tranquil this moment as at any period of my life. Cherish my memory; and, especially, preserve your health and spirits for the sake of our dearest children.

"Your ever affectionate

"11th Nov. 1798. T. WOLFE TONE."

"* Nobly did this pure and virtuous man, and he alone of all those whom my father had depended upon, fulfil the expectation of his friend. He was to my mother a brother, a protector, and an adviser, during the whole period of our distress; and when, at the close of eighteen years, we were ruined a second time by the fall of Napoleon, he came over from his own country to offer her his hand and his fortune, and share our fate in America."

It is said, that, on the evening of that very day, he could see and hear the soldiers erecting the gallows for him before his windows. That very night, (according to the report given by his gaolers,) having secreted a pen-knife, he inflicted a deep wound across his neck. It was soon discovered by the sentry, and a surgeon called in at four o'clock in the morning, who stopped the blood and closed it. He reported that, as the prisoner had missed the carotid artery, he might yet survive, but was in the extremest danger. It is said, that he murmured only in reply, "I am sorry I have been so bad an anatomist." Let me draw a veil over the remainder of this scene.

Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes were those of the grim gaoler and rough attendants of the prison; the only sound which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul and the possession of his faculties to the last:—and the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined, like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end. There is no situation under which these feelings will not support the soul of a patriot.

On the morning of the 19th of November, he was seized with the spasms of approaching death. It is said that the surgeon who attended whispered that, if he attempted to move or speak, he must expire instantly; that he overheard him, and, making a slight movement, replied, "I can yet find words to thank you, sir: it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back with these expressions on his lips, he expired without farther effort.

COLLECTION OF PAPERS RELATING TO THE
THAMES QUAY, &c.
(Continued from p. 248.)

HAVING laid before our readers Col. Trench's ideas and hints relative to a national palace, we shall now offer some observations of our own. There can be no doubt but that an edifice, on the scale he has suggested, would not only prove a great ornament to the British capital, and be worthy our character as a nation, but likewise have a beneficial influence on the progress of art; that is, supposing it to exhibit that grandeur and taste in its design, and that splendour in its embellishments, which such a structure ought unquestionably to possess. We cannot, therefore, behold, without something like regret, the building now erecting in St. James's Park, which, to say the least of it, is unfavourably placed, both with regard to its locality as a residence, and as to architectural effect. And we apprehend that, at no very distant period, it will be found to be very inadequate to the

purpose for which it is built. It would have been more economic to have commenced a palace upon a scale of real grandeur; and even if the whole of the plan had been considered too vast for immediate execution, a portion of it might have been completed, and the rest proceeded more leisurely. If the present site was selected in preference to any other, this extremity of the park should have been extended, and the building placed in the centre, upon an artificial eminence, so as to give a sufficiently commanding view. The structure now erecting is not only placed quite in a corner, but is upon so minute a scale, both as to its extent and the character of its elevations, that no subsequent additions can ever render it majestic in appearance, however it may be enlarged. Supposing it, however, to have been erected as we have just suggested, and the western end of the park widened, in that case, all the whole mass of buildings and streets to the south of the present boundary of the park, on that side, should have been cleared away as far back as a line with the abbey, the west front of which would thus be laid open to the park. With that venerable edifice at one extremity, the palace at the other, a magnificent range of houses along the whole of the south side, and the park itself extended, drained, and laid out as a magnificent garden, with statues, fountains, &c. a scene of truly regal splendour would have been produced, which few other capitals could rival.

Such a scheme of extensive demolition may appear quite extravagant and beyond the possibility of execution, yet we can assure our readers that it is absolutely trifling, compared with some of the colonel's plans, as we shall presently show. Or still retaining every other part of the plan, the palace might be placed on the north side of the park, occupying the sites of St. James's and Carlton Palaces, with all the intermediate space, so as to have one wing opposite Waterloo Place, the other facing the extremity of St. James's Street and the centre of the front towards Pall Mall, open to St. James's Square, the whole of the south side of which ought, in this case, to be removed. The other façade would front the park, and if it should be thought that this site would not afford sufficient depth for such a purpose, all the present mall might be taken in, for which ample compensation would be made to the public, by the extension of the park on the opposite side. This scheme,—an exceedingly visionary one, no doubt, would have, we think, this advantage over that for Hyde Park, that the palace would not be so far removed, while it would contribute to the display of the abbey, which would thus be rendered very conspicuous in the scene thus formed. On examining Gwynn's plans for the sites of a palace, given at the end of Col. Trench's book, it will be found that one, on the scale here proposed, extending from Waterloo Place to St. James's Street, immense as it may at first appear, would not exceed one of his, it being a square of about half the same length, whereas this would not require to be much more than a hundred feet in depth.

But what an enormous undertaking, what

demolition, what a sacrifice of property!—Very true; yet what does the colonel suggest? Verily, nothing less than a street fronting the east front of a palace in Hyde Park, and extending from the extremity of Upper Grosvenor Street to the west end of St. Paul's Cathedral! Let us now see what a mass of buildings must be sacrificed to such a project,—one side of Upper Grosvenor Street, Mount Row, a part of Bruton Street, half Golden Square, Covent Garden Piazzas, St. Clement's Church, several of the courts and buildings in the temple, besides an incalculable number of intermediate buildings, streets, lanes, mews, &c. And all for what? to form a street in a direct line for upwards of two miles, with St. Paul's at one extremity and the palace facing the other. Yet, setting aside all consideration of the enormous expense, we doubt whether the result would be particularly grand, since it would be impossible to see the palace and the cathedral at the same time from any one station, the distance being so great. Such a line, too, would intersect the present streets not at right angles, but diagonally, so as to produce great inconvenience and deformity, and to occasion the necessity for many other alterations. Independently of which, Covent Garden and Golden Square would be converted into irregular areas, which must of course be excluded from view, and thereby still further curtailed. The colonel, however, thinks that such a scheme would be 'not only practicable, but profitable.' Yet has he calculated how many thousand houses, (some of them of the first class,) must be demolished, how many millions sterling, and how many years it would require to accomplish such an undertaking? We cannot offer any computation, and apprehend that it would startle even the arithmetical abilities of Mr. Hume himself.

We feel assured, that if improvement is to be conducted on such a scale, it will never commence, plan as long as we may. Some regard at least ought to be paid to the present lines of streets; but in the plan we are noticing, the entire street, and that, too, a couple of miles in length, must be formed on ground at present covered by buildings. Now, supposing a palace to be erected between Pall Mall and the Park, a direct communication might still be formed to St. Paul's, by forming a street into the Strand, coming out opposite St. Clement's Church, and then carrying another line straight to Charing Cross, which would be effected by merely widening and rebuilding the Strand. It is true that, in this case, there would be two distinct lines, forming an obtuse angle, but this would, in our opinion, be so far from being a defect, that we should consider it preferable to a street of such a length, in one line. In fact, a street may be too long for grandeur of effect, as well as too short, and it is evident, that, in the one proposed, the perspective lines must vanish to mere points. Streets of a moderate length, with some noble building facing the extremity, to terminate the vista, have a far better effect than one protracted, *à perte de vue*. By consulting a map of London, the reader will be able to judge how far, in point of feasibility, our

plan seems to have advantage of that of Colonel Trench. As far as relates to the formation of a street from the west front of St. Paul's, and the improvements around the cathedral itself,—which, by the by, appear to correspond exactly with those designed by Mr. Elmes, about a year and a half ago, and which we noticed at the time, we highly approve of them, although we much doubt whether it will ever be attempted to carry any part of this project into effect. We must stop here, reserving our remarks on the colonel's other plans till next week.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

I Lusadi, etc. : Les Lusiades, Poème de Camoëns traduit en Italien par Briccolani. Paris. 32mo.

A NATION which has been engaged during several ages in the enterprises of war and navigation, which has never turned its attention towards the cultivation of science, of letters, or of the fine arts, or ever understood the deep reasonings of philosophers, the eloquent recitals of historians, or the magnificent songs of poets, leaves us almost to suspect that Providence, in refusing it the finer faculties of the soul, has rendered it insensible to the sublime spectacles of nature. But a gigantic man rises suddenly, who, piercing through the midst of such thick darkness, imposes silence on these unjust imputations, and manifests, by the sole fact of his existence, that genius belongs to every age and every place, and that if imperious circumstances have kept it for a long time dormant, the moment has arrived, when displaying the precious resources of the imagination, he commands, with a solemn voice, let there be light, and there is light. Such was the Portuguese nation during a very long series of years; such was Camoëns, who raised by the glory of his name the imperishable glory of the people of the Tagus. Possessed of an impetuous and independent spirit, Camoëns was animated by the most generous passions; but he had every thing in subordination to one predominant passion, it was the passion of all great souls—the love of his country. It was this noble sentiment which made him take up his pen. Seeing before him a brilliant cohort of heroes remaining in obscurity for want of panegyrists, he determined to deposit, for the perusal of future ages, the history of their astonishing exploits, and through this means to place his country by the side of the greatest nations of the universe. He knew how to choose a starting point which would transport him at once into a field unknown to all preceding epic poets. Homer sung of the destruction of a city, of which one of the princes had been guilty of an odious crime, which was revenged by the overthrow of his throne and the massacre of his subjects. Virgil, in continuance, led the grievous wreck of this dejected nation to found a new empire on the borders of the Tiber, which should one day chain, by its ungovernable power, all the people of the earth. Dante penetrated into the regions of eternity, to unveil to blind mortals the most terrible truths of mo-

rality, politics, and religion. Tasso drew innumerable armies under the walls of Jerusalem, to redeem, by the blood of infidels, the tomb where were deposited the remains of the God-Man. Milton, hovering upon another hemisphere, traced back the wonders of creation and the mysterious troubles which first shook heaven, bringing down sin and death upon earth. But Camoëns found a new subject for his powerful inspirations; it was of intrepid men dedicated to another kind of glory, who, leaving the most remote shores of the west, assembled upon floating cities, traversed boldly the abysses of the ocean, and, triumphing over winds and tempests, discovered an unknown world in the brilliant kingdom of the east.

The poem of Camoëns, however, makes at first an unfavourable impression upon the mind. The author has introduced into it the pagan divinities, who, having been mentioned by almost every poet, have nearly lost that virginal freshness and ethereal colour which gave them so many charms among the ancients. People of the present day are tired of councils of gods assembled in Olympus to decide the fate of mortals, and these worn-out machines are as much out of place in the *Lusiade*, as we are sensibly shocked at seeing warrior Christians, placing their hopes in the God of the Gospel, befriended only by the goddess of voluptuousness. But these trifling defects are lost among beauties of a very superior order, and we must pardon them in a man who had a kind of religious enthusiasm for Homer and Virgil, which he could only defend by walking in their footsteps. They are but spots in the sun, which are lost and disappear in the midst of a torrent of light.

Vasco de Gama, an historical character, is the hero of this poem. Wise, active, and intrepid, he directed these new Argonauts across the immensity of the ocean, and braving all the dangers and sufferings which are inseparable from so bold an expedition, he supported them, by his example and conversation, on the road of honour, glory, and fidelity, to their noble engagements.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL.

THE HARDY THEORIST.

'Of dates and customs when we treat,
What grave mistakes we make,
And the poor ancients oft times cheat
For modern credit's sake!
Thus argued Ned, with solemn face,
And vowed he'd prove it too;
Then named *tobacco*, as a case
In point, to back him through.
Quoth he, 'The moderns claim to be
First finders of that weed;
But, that 'twas well known anciently
There's classic phrase to plead.'
'Phrase! pooh! my learned friend,' I cried,
'There can't be any such—'
'Yes—*NE QUID NIMIS*,' he replied;
'Use not the *QUID* too much.'
'And so,' continued he, 'in sooth,
That men, ere London stood,
Did chew tobacco, is a truth
That cannot be eschewed.'

G. D.

ANECDOTES OF HANDEL.

WE have been favoured, by an eminent musical friend, with the following original anecdotes of Handel, and as every thing connected with that great composer is interesting, we trust our readers will be gratified by their insertion in our pages:—

George the Third.—When his majesty was a child, he was often taken into the music room at Leicester House, which belonged to his royal mother, the Princess Dowager of Wales. Handel, observing that the little prince was very attentive to his oratorio composition, exclaimed, when the royal child had crept close to the double bass and the organ, "Ah! dat lilil prince vil keep up my musiche ven I am det and gone." This prophecy was verified, for the king did not relish later compositions, and Handel's music used to be performed to his majesty and the royal family by the queen's band, every evening, at Windsor Castle, after the usual promenade on the terrace.

The king was remarkably partial to the First Set of Lessons by Handel, and his organ concertos, all the first set, and the third of the third set, likewise one of his lessons in D minor, composed for Handel's royal pupil, the Princess of Orange. Mr. Handel taught only the royal family, except Mr. Rich's daughters, of Covent Garden Theatre, where Handel performed his oratorios during the Lent season.

His Majesty informed Mr. Charles Wesley, that many in the Second Set of Lessons were composed for the ballet of the opera; but the first set he thought are the finest, although they were written at an early age.

Handel once heard that a gentleman had said that his oratorios should be performed on Salisbury plain, the choruses of them being so loud. The composer smiled at the idea as having a degree of truth in it, and allowed that the theatres then in London were too small for the band required for these excellent performances. What would Handel have said had he heard the performance in Westminster Abbey, which did ample justice to his wonderful talent.

THE MAID OF LORN.

By the Author of Sylla, Field Flowers, &c.

SWEET maid of Lorn! when first we met
Where waves the birch o'er Awe's wild stream,
We knew not life's dark scenes as yet,
For life to us was but a dream.
'Twas ours the rocky strath to range,
Or heathery moorland, young and free;
And oh! we deem'd it wondrous strange
All were not happy as were we.
Guiltless we knew not then to fear—
Night came to us as noon or morn;
And if our eye enshrined a tear,
'Twas Pleasure's own, sweet maid of Lorn!
We'd prest dark Morven's sullen shore,
And mute surveyed the pillared pile
Where Staffa's minster caverns roar,
And chide Jona's sister isle.
We'd trodden Bratry's fatal pass,
We'd roved through Orchy's woodland glen,
And breathless climbed each rocky mass
That zones the round, lone Cruchan Een!

Hope's brightest rainbow then was ours,
 (Alas! that Hope e'er proves forsworn!)
 And little deemed we Joy's fair flowers
 So soon would fade, sweet maid of Lorn!
 True, we had heard of the wild storms
 Of passion shrouding life's bright rays;
 And deemed them like the shadowy forms
 Of warriors stern of other days.
 We thought not then, we could not think
 Such storms would reach our sunny vale,
 As strayed we by Awe's rocky brink,
 Or wooed Loch Etive's summer gale.
 Yet there, e'en there, flashed war's claymore,
 There clanged the hunter-foeman's horn;
 As thine and thee away he bore
 From me, from love, sweet maid of Lorn!
 Madly I fought, was left for dead—
 Fate but for this my life had spared;
 To hear it whispered thou hadst wed
 With feudal pomp, thy victor laird.
 With maniac look awhile I stood,
 Like one bereft of all but life;
 Till gazing on the scene of blood,
 Flash'd o'er my brain the fatal strife.
 I crossed the Atlantic's stormy tide,
 With outward show of pride and scorn,
 Yet oft in secret still I sighed
 For thine, for thee, sweet maid of Lorn!
 And I returned an altered man,
 In age, in look, in mein, in name;
 Yet still I owned one powerful ban—
 'Twas love, first love,—unchanged, the same.
 The sun of hope had all but set,—
 Yet, as when on some island bare
 And bleak two foes as friends have met,
 My heart saw Hope supplant Despair.
 Oh! with what feelings gazed I first
 On mountain, rock, and blossomed thorn,
 'Neath which my boyish love was nurst
 By thy fond smile, sweet maid of Lorn!
 I'd gazed on Coffre's peak of snow,
 Thrid Pequod's forest-wilds in haste;
 But mine was highland Crucian now,
 And flowery Lechan's moorland waste!
 Let others wander forth to gaze
 On grander scenes, and smile or weep;
 So I but mark the sun's last ray's
 Gild dark Dunstaffnage' castled steep.
 Then swells my soul (for Nature pleads),
 With pleasure, of contentment born,
 And quits but Ossian's warrior deeds
 To dream of thee, sweet maid of Lorn!
 For they've a power, a spell not all
 The scenes beyond the western wave,
 With wood, rock, mountain, waterfall,
 Though rich in landscape beauty, have.
 They tell of classic love no tale,
 No cromlech-stone there guards the dead;
 No patriot spirit rides the gale,
 For them no warrior Bruce hath bled.
 Ay, none but kindred souls can tell,—
 Subdued at once my pride and scorn—
 What feelings bade my bosom swell
 For home and thee, sweet maid of Lorn!
 But who can paint the joy I felt,
 When thee I met, my long-lost fair,
 To see, as at thy feet I knelt,
 The snood still wreath thine auburn hair?
 Yes—though on thee full many a youth
 Had fondly smiled and whispered love,
 'Twas but in vain; thy soul of truth
 Soared wealth and beauty far above.
 Peace smiles again, the red claymore
 Is sheathed, and mute the foeman's horn,
 And feud and battle strife are o'er—
 And thou art mine, sweet maid of Lorn!
 March 23, 1827.

NECROLOGY.

THE LATE THOMAS ROWLANDSON.

THIS veteran of the English school of graphic humour, died at his chambers, in the Adelphi, on the evening of Sunday last, after enduring, with his usual philosophy, a severe illness, for nearly the last two years, during which protracted period he was attended by his old and esteemed friend, Mr. Lynn.

Thomas Rowlandson, the son of a very respectable commercialist, was born at his father's house, in the Old Jewry, in the month of July, 1756. The affairs of the latter, however, taking an unfavourable turn, owing to some extensive speculations in a soap manufactory, prevented his supporting him in that regular course of practice, which is necessary to form an artist for the higher department of his profession. Hence, he embarked as a candidate for patronage, whilst in his youth.

Mademoiselle Chattelier, who married his father's brother, being a lady of property, liberally supplied him with money at this period, and, it was owing to her indulgent fondness, perhaps, that he acquired those careless habits, which were so characteristic of his future life.

He was early admitted a student at the Royal Academy, then held at Old Somerset House. Mr. John Bannister, the celebrated comedian, was a fellow student; and it was there that friendship commenced between them that has continued through life.

Rowlandson received his school education at Dr. Barvis's, in Soho Square. This seminary, afterwards conducted by Dr. Barrow, was of great repute. The lamented Richard Burke, son of the late Edmund Burke, M.P., was Rowlandson's school-fellow, and the late Mr. Holmann, the tragedian, derived his scholastic education under the same roof.

In his sixteenth year, Rowlandson made a tour to France, and remaining there two years, became a student in one of the academies in Paris.

It was in the society which he mixed with in this gay city, that he acquired those habits of dissipation which marred his future fortunes; for there he imbibed the fatal love for play.

He was not, however, indifferent to his professional pursuits, as he sedulously studied drawing with the chalks. Nor did he neglect the exercise of his prolific talent for sketching humorous designs. The manners and habits of the good people of Paris, high and low, furnished abundant material for his acute observation. Indeed, every thing there, at this period, was sufficiently *outré*, to need little aid from the exaggerations of caricature.

On his return to England, where the fame of his genius had travelled before him, he commenced his professional career, and at this early epoch of his chequered life, produced works, that for expression, taste, and character, might compete with all that had appeared before or since.

His style, which was purely his own, was stamped with originality. He drew his outlines with the reed pen, in Indian ink, with a small portion of vermilion, washed the

chiaro-scuro with black and gray, tinted the flesh with clearness, and adding the proper colours to the general composition, touched up the whole with dark and spirited markings of the pen. The late Sir Joshua Reynolds, and his successor to the chair of the Royal Academy, the late Mr. West, on beholding some of his bold and masterly designs, declared them wonders of art.

It would be difficult, in the history of eccentric geniuses, to name one whose habits and pursuits would furnish more curious, and if not strictly moral, more interesting and diversified material for the biographer than this artist.

For many years he was too idle to seek new employment. His kind friend, and it may justly be added, his best adviser, Mr. Ackermann, supplied him with ample subject for the exercise of his pencil. The many works which were rendered still more interesting by his illustrations, are existing evidence of this.

It should be repeated, that his reputation has not been sufficiently appreciated. A vast collection of his original drawings, many of them the labour of his best days, have been often viewed with delight by the artists and amateurs who frequented the conversazioni at Mr. Ackermann's. Should these be consigned to the hammer, the lovers of graphic design, as exhibited through the medium of his very inventive and observant pencil, will experience a high intellectual treat. Mr. Ackermann possesses some hundreds of his choicest drawings, in series, arranged in elegant folios.

The remains of this lamented artist will be followed to the grave by the two friends of his youth, Mr. Bannister and Mr. Angelo, sen., and his constant friend and very liberal employer, Mr. Ackermann, on the morning of this day.

Written, *con amore*, by an old friend of the deceased.

We shall endeavour to present our readers with some further particulars of this extraordinary man in a future number.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

REPORT is highly favourable to the forthcoming exhibition at Somerset House. We have seen many of the leading works, which are of the first order of merit, and worthy to compete with those of the most esteemed masters of the old schools.

Sir Thomas Lawrence, with his accustomed zeal for the support of that institution over which he so ably presides, contributes a whole-length portrait of the Earl of Liverpool. Also, portraits of Sir Walter Scott, J. Naish, Esq., and Mrs. Peel.

J. Jackson, R. A.—a whole-length of the Duke of Wellington, a whole length of Mrs. Kinder, Jesse Watts Russel, Esq., and Dr. Barnes, Archdeacon of Bombay; these are half-lengths: Portrait of a Lady, Portrait of George Phillips, Esq., Lord Villars, and the lamented late John Flaxman, Esq., R. A.

Martin Archer Shee, R. A.—Mrs. General Burr, C. Jonstone, Esq., J. Wilde, Esq., T. Lack, Esq., and W. Harriott, Esq.

T. Philipps, R. A.—portraits of Lord Stowell, Hon. Agar Ellis, Capt. Parry, Mr. Watson Taylor, Mr. Brunel, Admiral Jones, and Rev. J. Hadow.

Sir W. Beechey, R. A.—whole-length portrait of Major Campbell, 8th Dragoon Guards; portraits of Capt. Schomberg and Mr. Haines; and a fancy picture from the Rev. H. H. Milman's poem of Samor, Lord of the Bright City.

'Sudden drooped its flagging wing
The timorous bird of song, and fluttering, sought
Soft refuge in the maiden's snowy breast.

Up the maiden gazed,
Smiling a pale and terrified delight,
And seemed, for that loved warbler in her breast,
Beseeching mercy.'

James Ward, R. A.—a highly finished cabinet picture; the subject—Dray Horses drawing a Butt of Porter from a Cellar; the scene, a composition in the neighbourhood of London. This, we believe, is painted for his grace the Duke Bedford. A Winter Scene, with portraits and animals; Smolensko, the celebrated racer; portrait of a fast trotting horse; and a composition of a shooting pony, with dogs and game, painted for Lord Southampton.

Hilton, R. A.—a grand composition of the Crucifixion, painted for the Corporation of Liverpool, to be executed in stained glass.

Mr. Etty,—a grand composition, representing Judith invoking the assistance of Providence.

The Olden Time, a composition.

A circular picture, the subject, Hero and Leander.

Leslie, R. A.—Lady Jane Gray refusing the Crown. Painted for his grace the Duke of Bedford.

Mr. Turner,—two large sea-pieces, two landscapes, and a composition.

Mr. Calcott also contributes some pictures, marine subjects and landscapes.

Mr. Collins, we understand, contributes two pictures, in his usual agreeable and familiar style of English composition.

Mr. Mulready,—a Groupe of Village Children, amusing themselves in firing a cannon.

Mr. Daniell, R. A.—four pictures: Attack of a Boa-Constrictor in one of the Eastern Islands; The Dead Elephant, seen in the Island of Ceylon*; A View of Windsor Castle, from Snow Hill, looking up the long walk; and Indian Females, on the Banks of the River Ganges.

Mr. Westall, R. A., has a large picture of our Saviour Praying in the Garden.

Mr. Bailey, R. A.—a Marble figure of Piety; part of a monument to be erected in Bristol Cathedral; sketch for a small groupe, of a Mother and Child, from Campbell's Pleasures of Hope; sketch for a bas-relief, representing the Death of Gen. Picton, executed and placed in the monument erected to his memory, at Caermarthen; Bust of Campbell, Lord Rector of Glasgow; and a Bust of a Gentleman, both executed in marble.

Mr. Westmacott, R. A.—a beautiful Group of a Young Female with a Cupid on her back.

* From this interesting subject an engraving in mezzotinto, by Mr. Daniell, will shortly appear.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIS truly national institution opened their twenty-third annual exhibition on Monday last, at their great room, Pall Mall East. The private view, on the preceding Saturday, notwithstanding the uncongenial state of the atmosphere, was attended by a crowd of patrons of this delightful department of art, among whom were many personages of high rank, many eminent in various sciences, and several distinguished members of the Royal Academy. This is, perhaps, the most interesting display of water-colour painting that has yet been submitted to the public by the united exertions of the members.

There is one feature of the exhibition particularly attractive, and the circumstances to which it is owing ought to be made public. On a separate screen are placed together about thirty drawings, all of the same dimensions, the works of the same number of artists: these form part of a collection made for a lady, and are intended to adorn an album.

The honours so universally accorded to Lord de Tabley, for his noble patriotism in his patronage of the British school, we had hoped would have induced many other persons of rank and fortune to do the like. The influence of his munificence, however, has worked favourably for art; it has tended to raise the reputation of our living painters, by showing to the world that we can boast a school that have claims to patronage,—a fact not generally admitted before.

We cannot forbear to offer our tribute of praise to Mrs. Haldimonde, the lady in question, who has, in the same congenial spirit, set an example equally worthy of imitation. Influenced by a far different spirit to that manifested by too many ladies, who, desirous of filling their albums with the gratuitous contributions of artists, become general beggars, this lady has commissioned an artist of integrity and talent to invite the professors of water-colour painting to fill her album with their ingenious labours, and has deputed him to pay the most liberal prices for the same.

To meet the spirit of this munificent lady with becoming respect, the members of the society have, at their own expense, framed the whole of these drawings in an elegant and uniform manner, and this screen may be viewed as a temporary monument to the honour of a lady of large fortune, whose liberality renders her thus conspicuous in the regions of taste.

By a mutually-beneficial arrangement of the members of this amicable society, of late, a certain sum has been awarded for the best productions of two or more members annually. These rewards are provided out of the general fund, and are received, in succession, by all the members. The award for the last year was to four of the members, and what may be termed the prize-pictures form part of the present exhibition. The following are the subjects:—

No. 30. The Wounded Stag.—R. Hills. This impressive composition makes a powerful appeal to that best attribute of man—humanity. The 'poor sequestered stag,' to use

the words of our great poet, is admirably personified in this composition. He is indeed, as the melancholy Jaques describes him, on—

'The extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.'

Who but might weep in sympathy, on beholding this faithful picture of the devoted animal.

There is one circumstance in this true portraiture of the stag, which, identifying itself with the natural history of the animal, may not be generally known. The poet has had his learned commentators, and his fame has been augmented by their pointing to the fitness of the properties of the things which he describes. The painter, no less faithful to his prototype, drawing too from nature, has represented the 'hairy foot,' at that season when the antlers, not having completed the period of their annual re-growth, are yet too tender to render him a formidable adversary—for such the stag is in his prime. We, however, being no naturalists, cannot do entire justice to this marked circumstance, and simply notice it, as an instance of the painter's accurate knowledge of the habits of this 'monarch of the forest,' who is here represented with all the pathos of the painter's art. It is a most commanding specimen of water-colour-painting. It may be mentioned, whilst upon this subject, that we have lately seen a magnificent original bronze figure of the stag in his prime, the labour of Mr. Hills, which exceeds, in all the properties of sculpture, every similar work, whether the production of antiquity or of modern times.

No. 34. Ponte Rialto, at Venice, by S. Prout. Could the spirits of Paul Sandby, Cozens, Hearne, and certain other worthies, the ancient fathers of this school, come forth to behold the works of these their successors, they would marvel at the present state of their favourite art.

The prevailing opinion, ten years ago, upon the subject of water-colour painting, even among the cognoscenti, was that the material had reached its utmost power. We, however, without assuming the inspiration of prophecy, ventured to pronounce a different opinion upon the subject. Indeed, even now, wondrously as the means of water-colour art has been augmented, and vast and intense as the comparative depth and power of it has been developed, he would be venturesome who should prescribe bounds to its improvements on these properties. Prout wields his graphic powers with the hand of a giant, and the whole of this bold phalanx seem to surmount with ease those difficulties which, but a few years ago, appeared to be insurmountable impediments to the further progress of their peculiar art.

It is of no small advantage to this ingenious, and highly talented fraternity, that the works here collected, are so nearly of co-equal merit. The impression created on the mind of the spectator is so generally agreeable, from this compatability, that, every individual member largely participates in the admiration bestowed on the whole. This is as it should be. Would, that at our great national academy, at

Somerset House, those distinguished painters, of whom the country may well feel proud, could show to the world a collection of their works, equally select. The state of British art would then be universally appreciated. This scene of the Ponte Rialto, by Mr. Prout is also a commanding specimen of the topographical excellence of our native school.

No. 35. Remains of Peel Castle, Isle of man. H. Gastineau.

—'Perplexed

With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide,
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vexed,
Oft dashed.'

Nothing can be more amenable to refined feeling, than this growing taste among the painters, which diverting the stream of their talent into the congenial regions of poetry, adds new graces to these sister arts.

The application of these lines, to the local scenery of our isle, creates a pictorial interest, delightful, rich, and intense, in proportion to the joint associations which poetry and painting are capable of raising upon the perceptions.

This scene, so marked by its own romantic and bold features, is thus rendered doubly interesting. The effect of the picture is strikingly grand, and demonstrates the ardour with which Mr. Gastineau has studied, to merit this honorable testimony of his merit.

No. 113. The Penance of Jane Shore, in the old Cathedral of St. Paul, London, A.D. 1483; C. Wild.

'In conclusion, she was laid into Ludgate, and by the Bishop of London, put to open penance for incontinency, going before the cross in procession upon a Sunday, with a taper in her hand, in which, though she were out of all array, save her kirtle only, yet went she in countenance and pace demure, so fair and lovely, and withal so womanly, that many who hated her course of life, yet pitied her coarse usage, and were not a little grieved to see her misery.'—Sir Thomas More.

We congratulate the society on the display of subjects thus treated, wherein topographical fidelity is made to correspond with the veritable facts of history. This very interesting composition records two circumstances that awaken the memory of past events, with that rich train of thought which at once carries us to the olden times. The cathedral of the ancient metropolis, thus raised before us by the graphic power of art, so many years after its destruction in the memorable fire of London, with that architectural identity, too, which we owe to the professional researches of Mr. Wild alone, could not fail to excite due interest among the lovers of antiquity. The introduction of this scene, so pathetically described by the pen of the great Sir Thomas More, is a point of our domestic history, which associates so entirely with this grand architectural subject, that it is not possible to view it without emotion. Who, that has read the tale of this penitent fair one, having Christian charity, that has not involuntarily exclaimed—poor Jane Shore!

We desire to be numbered with those whose notions on matters of virtue are not confined to the admiration of any particular class of subjects. We can revel in the beautiful ideal of art—in the highest flights of the po-

etic, and can alike delight in the sober prose of painting.

In topographical composition, we look for truth, and in the works of this artist, we seek it not in vain. The many recondite works on architecture, which have proceeded from the pencil of Mr. Wild, have given us no small degree of pleasure for a succession of years. Of late, our gratification, which has kept pace with his improvement, has been greatly augmented, and the many magnificent scenes which he has added to the increasing stores of topographical painting, which he has so faithfully depicted, during his travels abroad, have contributed largely to that popular interest, which is daily increasing among the enlightened patrons of the British school.

The want of space obliges us to postpone our further notice of this delightful exhibition to the next number.

LAWRENCE'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

AFTER some interesting remarks on the state of the arts in the middle ages, Mr. Lawrence proceeds:—

'In the eighteenth century, it was difficult to find an artist who aspired to originality. Those who excelled their associates were merely distinguished as faithful copyists. Casts of the productions of Bernini and of his followers were substituted in the academies for the models of ideal beauty. In Venice, the artists had almost been remarkable for gaudy splendour rather than for elegant simplicity, and the decline of commerce had withdrawn, in a great degree, the patronage by which they had been sustained. In a small town of the states of this republic was born, in 1757, Antonio Canova. Though his first years were passed in an obscure situation, the pursuits of his early life were, in some measure, connected with his future profession. His ancestors had been for generations marble-cutters in the village of Passagno. Under the direction of his grandfather, Canova made considerable progress in the mechanical department of his art. Two years' instruction from those, who then sustained the best reputation among the sculptors of Venice, completed the assistance for which he was indebted to the advice of others. Resolved to free himself from the shackles which bound his contemporaries to vile mediocrity, Canova determined no longer to imitate the miserable productions of the decline of the art; but, while he was indefatigable in his studies from the antique which the Venetian academy furnished, he made simple nature his principal guide. Anatomy he pursued as essentially connected with the profession of his choice, and in this science he was far from confining himself to a theoretical knowledge. Aware that mechanical superiority could do little for an artist in a pursuit in which lofty feelings and poetic imagination are requisite to inspire the sentiments to be delineated by the chisel, he cultivated the collateral branches of science and literature.

'Canova opened his studio at the age of sixteen, and his earliest productions obtained for him the first place among the sculptors of

his native state. In his twenty-third year he became permanently settled at Rome; and, as nature had always been his instructress, he had no false principles to unlearn. But such was the assiduity with which he applied to the study of "the calm heroic" of the ancient models, that his first work, while he was yet a guest in the palace of the Venetian ambassador, was universally pronounced "the most perfect that Rome had seen for ages." The life of Canova was devoted to the art with which his name will be associated in history. "His statues," as he himself observed, "were the sole proof of his civil existence." When Italy was aroused from the slumbers of ages, to Canova was assigned the high distinction of supplying, with his own sculpture, the vacancies in the Vatican occasioned by the removal of the prodigies of Grecian art.

'On the re-establishment of the old governments, the degree of proscription against learning and genius was not immediately issued. The Emperor of Austria did not then announce that "he wanted not learned men but only faithful subjects;" nor were the princes, who yield implicit obedience to the mandates of the Holy Alliance, at once called on to adopt similar principles in the internal administration of their governments. Canova was invested by the sovereign Pontiff with the title of "inspector-general of the fine arts," an office chiefly valuable from having been created by Leo X. in favour of Raphael. He was soon afterward enrolled "in the golden volume of the capitol;" but, when Marquis of Ischia, he forgot not that it was to the talents of the artist he owed his distinction. In taking his armorial bearings from his earliest works, he acknowledged his obligations to his first patron, for whom the statues of Orpheus and Eurydice were executed. The revenue of the marquisate was exclusively appropriated to institutions for the improvement of the arts. An object worthy of the expenditure of his fortune was the church, which Canova, at the time of his death, was engaged in erecting in his native town. While the edifice was to afford a specimen of the chastest architecture, the sculptor proposed to adorn the interior with his own transcendent productions. When an artist so far surpasses his contemporaries as to silence the clamours of rivals, we can entertain little doubt of the sentence which impartial posterity will announce.'

VARIETIES.

The new National Scotch Church, Regent Square, Gray's Inn Lane, which is now nearly completed, will be opened on Friday, May 11, when the Rev. Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow, will preach, and the Rev. Dr. Gordon and the Rev. E. Irving take the other parts of the service. After which, there will be a dinner at the Freemason's Tavern. We shall take an early opportunity of giving some account of the structure, which is a handsome specimen of Gothic architecture.

The first stone of the new London University will be laid on Monday, at three o'clock, by the Duke of Sussex. It is expected that a part of the building will be complete in

about a year and a half. When finished, the fabric will be one of the grandest and most extensive public buildings in the metropolis.

The Pledge of Friendship, we understand, will take its station among the forth-coming annuals as a miscellany of *original* compositions, by the most eminent writers of the day; very superior embellishments are in hand by Davenport, Romney, Warren, Cook, &c., from designs by Stothard, Corbould, Wright, Fielding, &c., and it promises to rank high among the Christmas presents of 1828.

The Hon. Fred. De Roos, R. N., is preparing for publication a Personal Narrative of his Travels in the United States, with some important remarks on the state of the American maritime resources.

A translation of some some of the most popular fairy tales, from the German, is in the press, they will be illustrated by Cruikshank.

Preparing for publication, the Newtonian System of Philosophy, explained by familiar objects, in an entertaining manner, for the use of young persons, by Tom Telescope.

There was a crowded attendance, on Thursday evening, at the Concert in Arundel Street, and the performances received very deserved applause. Two or three pieces were rapturously encored, among which was the overture to Der Freischutz, which we scarcely remember to have heard performed in a more brilliant style.

Shortly will be published, Mrs. Leslie and her Grandchildren, a tale, embellished with an elegant frontispiece, from a design by Wright.

UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. T. James, formerly student of Christ Church, Oxford, to the bishopric of Calcutta.

The Rev. N. Barnes, M.A., rector of Richmond, to be domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. Mary Henrietta Juliana, Countess Dowager of Chichester.

The Rev. G. F. Tavell, M. A. late fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, to the rectory of Great Fakenham, Suffolk. Patron, the Duke of Grafton.

The Rev. W. Mayd, M. A. to the rectory of Wethersfield, Suffolk. Patron, G. T. W. H. Duffield, Esq. of Mareham Park, Berks.

The Rev. W. A. Musgrave, to the rectory of Emington, Oxon. Patron, P. T. Wykeham, Esq. of Tythrop House, Oxon.

The Rev. T. Stacy, of Cardiff, to the living of Gellygare, Glamorganshire. Patron, the Marquis of Bute.

The Rev. G. Montagu, B. A., to the rectory of South Pickenham, Norfolk. Patron, W. L. Wiggett Chute, Esq.

The Rev. A. Bayley, B. A., to the rectory of Edgcott, Northamptonshire. Patron, T. Carter, Esq. of Edgcott.

The Rev. H. A. Beckwith, M. A., vicar of St. Michael le Beffry, and of the Minsters of York, to the vicarage of Collingham, York, void by the resignation of the Rev. C. Medhurst. Patroness, Mrs. Wheeler, widow of the late G. H. Wheeler, Esq., of Otterden Place, Kent, and of Sedstone Hall, Yorkshire.

The Rev. J. Kempthorne, B. A., to the vicarage of Wedmore, Somerset. Patron, the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

The Rev. C. R. Smith, M. A., to the perpetual curacy of Withiel-Florey, Somerset. Patron, Sir T. B. Lethbridge, Bart.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

| Day of the Month. | Thermometer. | | | Barom. | | State of the Weather. |
|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------|--------------------------|--|-----------------------|
| | 8 o'clock Morning. | 1 o'clock Noon. | 11 o'clock Night. | Taken at 1 o'clock Noon. | | |
| April 20 | 41 | 47 | 45 | 29 69 | | Cloudy. |
| 21 | 44 | 48 | 44 | .. 54 | | Rain. |
| 22 | 42 | 44 | 38 | .. 70 | | Cloudy. |
| 23 | 38 | 41 | 37 | .. 69 | | Cloudy. |
| 24 | 41 | 45 | 33 | .. 57 | | Hail. |
| 25 | 41 | 50 | 35 | .. 80 | | Fair. |
| 26 | 42 | 51 | 40 | 30 30 | | Fair. |

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received a letter from J. D. We cannot answer it otherwise than by saying, we are unable to judge of his efficiency without a specimen.

Several poetical communications have been received; but as we have a great deal of patience in reading them, our correspondents must follow our example, and learn the same virtue.

R.'s Satire is animated and poetical, but is it not too personal?

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: Ellis's Original Letters, Second Series, four vols. £2. 8s.—Authentic Details of the Waldenses, 12s.—Odd Volume, Second Series, 10s. 6d.—Murphy's Beauties of the Court of Charles II. No. I. £4. 4s.—German Fairy Tales, 4s.—Dyer's Academic Unity, 7s.—Adventures of Naufragus, 8s.—Crowe on Versification, 8s. 6d.—Karmath, an Arabian Tale, 8s.—Thackeray's Life of the Earl of Chatham, two vols. 4to. £3. 12s.—Crossman's Sermons.

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N. B. Admittance, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.

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By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR RUFANE DONKIN.
Printed for James Carpenter and Son, Old Bond Street, of whom may be had,

A Map of the New Settlement. Price 10s. 6d.

On Monday, May 7th, will be published, in 4to. price £1. 11s. 6d., or on royal paper, £2. 5s.

PRACTICAL HINTS on the GENERAL MANAGEMENT of COLOUR in a PICTURE, illustrated by coloured Specimens, from the celebrated Masters of the Venetian, Flemish, and Dutch Schools.

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In the press, will be published next week, price 1s. stitched, and 1s. 3d. bound,

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